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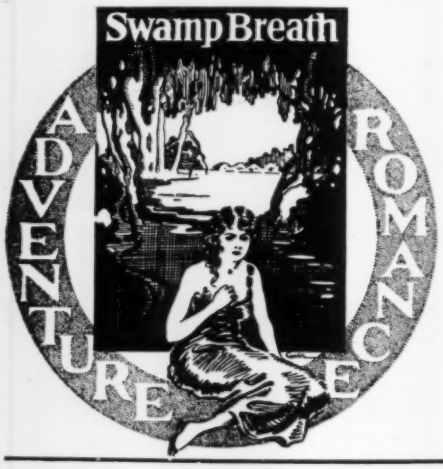

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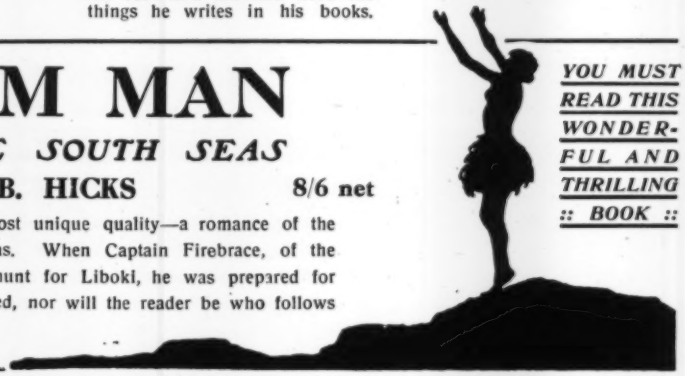

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the American novelist, is staying in London at present, and will probably remain with us for a year, unless our winter proves too inhospitable, in which case he will seek refuge from it in Italy. His new novel, "Main Street," is just now topping all the lists of best sellers in his own country and, published recently by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, is one of the most successful books of this season over here.

"The Memoirs of a Midget," a new story by Walter de la Mare, will be published by Messrs. Collins this month.

Mr. Henry W. Wolff has for some time been engaged on a work dealing with the problem of Rural Reconstruction. The book will be published by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount. Mr. Wolff compares our national problem with the problems of France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Italy, Russia, Japan, Canada, and the United States, and shows how agricultural prosperity can only be brought about by co-operation between classes, and by dispensing with the antiquated feudal system.

Messrs. Putnam are publishing shortly a Life of Mrs. Florence Barclay, written by one of her daughters.

Sir Henry Newbolt has compiled for the use of teachers and students a selection of "English Prose and Verse from the Fourteenth to the Twentieth Century," which will be published by Messrs. Dent in the autumn.

There are not many women humorists, and one was added to their number when Mrs. Florence A. Kilpatrick's "Our Elizabeth" made its appearance. She has written a new story, "Educating Ernestine," a satirical picture of English society with an Australian girl for heroine, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing.

Mr. Roger Fry's "Some Architectural Heresies of a Painter" will be published immediately by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Another author from abroad just now sojourning in London is the distinguished Dutch novelist, Mr. Louis Couperus. Four or five of the novels of Mr. Couperus, translated by Mr. Teixera de Mattos, have been published in England by Messrs. Heinemann and Mr. Thornton Butterworth. One of the greatest of his books, "Old People and the Things that Pass," was published last autumn by Mr. Butterworth, who is shortly issuing Mr. Couperus's new novel, which is said to rival that, under the title of "The Law Inevitable."

"The Gun Brand," a new novel of the Wild West by James Hendryx, will be published this month by Messrs. Jarrold, who also announce a new book of humour, "A Sport in a Nutshell," by the late Colonel Bogey, edited by C. E. Hughes "and his unrivalled staff of assistants, namely Fred Buchanan."

The success of Mr. Grant Watson's brilliant novel, "Shadow and Sunlight," has led his publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape, to republish this author's earlier book, "The Mainland," a story of the South Seas, which came out during the war and, like so much fiction that appeared in those dark days, suffered accordingly.

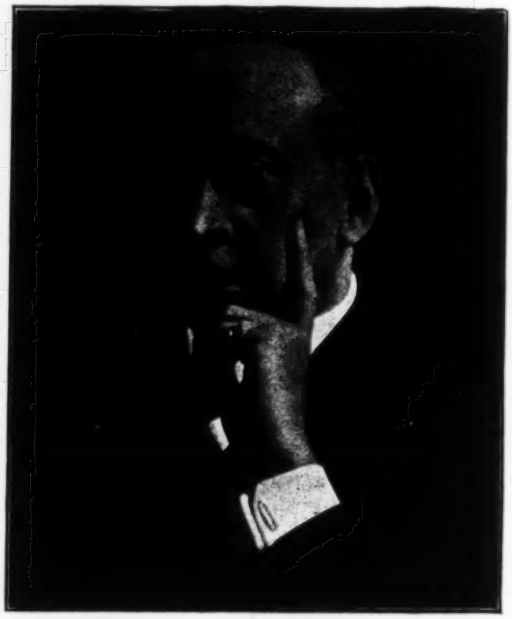

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Louis Couperus.

We congratulate our weekly contemporary, *Book-Post*, on the passing of its first birthday. "To have been born during the last two years," writes its editor, "and to have survived one year is at once a great adventure and an achievement," and all who have had experience of latter-day publishing difficulties will corroborate this assertion. But *Book-Post* has not merely survived, it has grown in size and influence and is still growing. Its pages have the charm of variety and are alive with interest for all who are interested in selling books or in reading them.

Two new books about him testify to the popularity of the Prince of Wales. "Our Prince," by Edward Legge, which Mr. Eveleigh Nash publishes, gives an admirable account of his career down to a couple of months ago and shows how, with his wide interest in things and his charm o character, he has become a real and invaluable asset of the Empire. "Edward, Prince of Wales," by G. Ivy Sanders, which Messrs. Nisbet publish, contains an intimate account of his upbringing, his war service, and Dominion tours, the author having received valuable assistance from the Prince himself and members of his household.

The Oxford Press is publishing immediately "America's Norse Discoverers," a translation and discussion of the Wineland Sagas, by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy.

Owing to the state of affairs that has resulted from the coal strike, Messrs. Heinemann have decided to postpone publication of Sir Hall Caine's new novel, "The Master of Man," until the crisis is past.

Some who are taking summer holidays will be glad to know that Messrs. A. & C. Black have just published new and completely revised editions of their Guides to the Channel Isles and to Dorset. These are full of maps, plans, views and of information that tourists will find useful.

Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing immediately "Unemployment: Its Cause and a Remedy," by Arthur Kitson. The articles in the book originally appeared in the *Times Trade Supplement*, and are supplemented by a discussion of the correspondence they evoked.

Mr. Rathmell Wilson has written a novel, "Other People's Babies," founded on a play by Mr. Lechmere Worrall, and it is to be published shortly by Mr. Arthur H. Stockwell.

"The Call to Liberalism," an appeal to Liberals of all shades by Mr. C. Sheridan Jones, the Hon. Secretary of the Liberal Anti-Nationalisation Committee, will be published this month by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

An edition de luxe of fourteen poems by James Elroy Flecker is about to be issued by the Poetry Bookshop, with a frontispiece and fourteen full-page lithographs by Charles Freegrove Winzer. The edition is limited to 550 copies.

Mr. E. O. Hoppé, the distinguished artist and photographer, has returned from a prolonged visit to the United States a convinced admirer of America and of things American. He was royally entertained and met many leading American artists, novelists and poets, including a goodly number of the newer schools in which he is particularly interested. On the outward voyage he contributed towards ameliorating the tedium of sea-life by drawing lightning sketches of beautiful faces at one of the entertainments got up by the passengers, and an American journalist present was so struck by these that Mr. Hoppé had not long been in New York before he found himself hailed in a multitude of newspapers all over the country as the greatest living beauty expert. He modestly disclaims the title, but his disclaimer is not readily accepted by those who have seen his paintings and photographs of beautiful women, sketched and photographed in various parts of the world. These should not be relegated to the privacy of portfolios, and one is not surprised to learn that a selection of them is to be published this autumn. While he was in America

Photo by International Portrait Service, New York.

Mr. E. O Hoppé.

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

at the window of her home, "The Cottage," in the roof of No. 3, Fleet Street. Mrs. Chesterton and Mr. Louis J. McQuilland have collaborated in writing a Memoir of Cecil Chesterton, which Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing shortly.

Mr. Hoppé completed a remarkable series of photographs to illustrate a handsome volume on "The Soul of New York," and he is now engaged with the preparation of a similar work on London.

For the first time in its history the famous American publishing firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons has elected an English director of its New York house. Mr. G. H. Grubb, who makes this new record, has been associated with the firm's business on this side of the water for thirty-three years, and for some years past has been a director of the London branch. Messrs. Putnams' relations with English authors and publishers are under his control, and he is largely and successfully developing them.

Mr. Sydney A. Moseley's new book, "Haunts of the Gay East," has just been published by Mr. Stanley Paul. It gives vivid pictures of Constantinople, Cairo, Budapest, and other such centres of Eastern life.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

No reader of that real thriller, "Stealthy Terror," will need urging to read Mr. John Ferguson's new novel, "The Dark Geraldine" (8s. 6d.; John Lane). The sensation is not so headlong, but the plot is as ingenious and intriguing, and the mystery as cunningly developed. A capital tale, and one that engrosses you and makes you forget time and all the troubles of the time while you are reading it.

If a man expresses intense dissatisfaction with our present chaos, and a passionate desire to be moving on to the next stage in human evolution, he is at once suspected, in some quarters, of being in the pay of the Bolsheviks or other such apostles of violence. To such a pass of unreason have we come that you are not thought quite respectable unless you are willing to stick in the mud and praise the powers that put you there. Mr. Jeffery E. Jeffery is one of those troublesome persons who wants to get out and do something to right what has gone wrong, but in his "Breaking Point" (4s. 6d.; Leonard Parsons) he is so far from hankering after red ruin that he is inspired

by Ibsen's faith that "there is but one revolution that avails. It is to revolutionise men's minds." He states simply and clearly, as Mr. G. D. H. Cole says in a foreword, "certain fundamental facts about the position of our industrial civilisation to-day . . . facts which most of us are unwilling to face because of the catastrophic conclusions implicit in them"; he diagnoses our social disease searchingly and indicates the remedy for it. He feels, as many do, that we shall not have peace or prosperity until our civilisation has been reorganised, and his manner of reorganisation is worth the serious consideration of all who are not afraid to think about it.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. G. H. Grubb.**

Recently elected a director of Messrs. G. P. Putnams' New York house.

In his little book, "How To Get Married" (The World Press), Mr. E. Montale appears to be intensely earnest and well meaning, but his work, despite its title, will not set the Thames on fire. The fact is, although Mr. Montale throws out a few sensible suggestions and is quite up to date in his outlook, he does not provide any startlingly fresh solution to the problem he tackles so gamely.

If "The Lady With the Hands" (8s. 6d.; Daniel O'Connor) is a first novel, Mr. C. Nepean Longridge is a novelist you should make a note of. He is a little leisurely perhaps in getting under way, but he has a knowledge of character and an engaging style, and though he brings about a happy ending with great determination he does it effectively. Lily Mainleigh, her seafaring husband, and the artist who brought tempest and temporary tragedy into their quiet lives, are well drawn; their story is interesting and written with considerable ability.

To their excellent series of Notable British Trials Messrs. William Hodge & Co. have added the grisly and amazing story of "Burke and Hare," edited by William Roughead (10s. 6d.). There is a strange fascination in these records of crime, and the account of this infamous pair and how they made a business of murder makes as gruesomely fascinating a study as any in the series.

The compiler of "An Anthology of Modern Verse" (6s.; Methuen), who half conceals himself behind the initials A. M., has done his work of selection admirably and with sound judgment, the result being, as Mr. Robert Lynd says in an introduction, "an anthology that gives a better idea of the diffuse and ubiquitous riches of recent poetry than any that has yet appeared."

Tales of the marvellous and the terrible are as old as the history of man, says Miss Edith Birkhead in "The Tale of Terror: A Study of the Gothic Romance" (15s.; Constable), and in succeeding chapters, having touched on its rise in early myths and folk-lore, she traces the growth and development of the supernatural element in the English novel, from Horace Walpole to Wilkie Collins, Algernon Blackwood, Wells, and others, and in the short stories of Conrad, Stevenson and Kipling. The penultimate chapter is devoted to American tales of terror.

Two score of Coventry Patmore's miscellaneous contributions to the *St. James's Gazette* and other periodicals are for the first time collected in "Courage in Politics and Other Essays" (7s. 6d.; Oxford Press). Some of the political views may now seem a little old-fashioned, but Patmore was always interesting, knew his own mind, and had a glancing humour and a dry, satirical touch that were peculiarly his own. The best things are the literary essays. It is curious to find Thomas Hardy, in 1887, bracketed with Mrs. L. B. Walford, even while it is granted that he, "though less perfect, is much the greater artist of the two." But in a later review Patmore ranks Mrs. Walford with Mrs. Gaskell, and almost persuades you to brush up your acquaintance with the lesser Victorian novelists and see if he was right.

No student of politics should be ignorant of the teachings of Karl Marx, for his economic doctrines form the main artery of modern communism. To understand the trend of the revolutionary Labour movement, of Bolshevism and the awakening of the workers to a state of class-consciousness (to use Marx's own phrase), a knowledge of his philosophy is absolutely essential. But it takes a born economist to wade through the verbosity of "Capital," and the man in the street will find M. Beer's little handbook, "The Life and Teaching of Karl Marx" (6s.; Parsons), more profitable reading. Here the Marxian system is condensed and set forth comprehensively, with a brief history of Marx's life and development which embraces a summary of the social progress of his time.

Miss Rosamond Napier's intimate knowledge of Ireland and India gives a background of strength and colour to "Release" (7s.; Methuen). The wild beauty of Ireland forms a vivid contrast to the feverish wonders of the East, and in these two settings a drama of devoted love and heroic self-sacrifice is revealed to us through the personality of Arnold Bligh's friend. This method of story-telling is of necessity obscure and leaves much to the imagination, but Miss Napier manages a difficult feat with skilful handling. We get the onlooker's version of the love of Irish Nora for Bligh and her contrivance that he shall marry her niece, Olwen. Miss Napier knows how to tell a good tale, and writes with a strong emotional force that imbues her characters with all the pathos of reality.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MURIEL STUART.

EVERY ripple upon the surface of national life spreads in time into the backwaters of literature, and no movement of our day, perhaps, has left a clearer mark upon its fiction than that which was centred in woman's emancipation. Those of us who are old enough to recall the fervent literary ardours of thirty years ago will find our retrospect filled with a monstrous regiment of women, all clamouring to be released from some imagined bondage, and set free for some yet more imaginary liberty. Younger critics write to-day of the era of "The Yellow Book" as of some weary celebration of apathy or absinthe. I do not remember it so. It seems to me to have resembled rather a Mænad orgy of women who were determined to live with men no longer except upon their own terms, and who were abnormally interested in the public display of emotions which their mothers would have blushed to confide to their own pillow-cases. It passed, that shouting, babbling crowd, passed into the darkness of the dell, as all crowds pass in time; but it left its trail behind it. In the generation of our sons and daughters it is finding a philosophy for its dreams, a polity for its organisation, and a poetry for its gospel. Among other influences it has inspired the poetry of Miss Muriel Stuart, and has found in her rich, passionate and intensely feminine poetic temperament a not unworthy expression of the nobler side of woman's struggle for independence of conduct and of thought.

Miss Muriel Stuart was a child of the generation of "revolting daughters," although very little echo, if any, of the prevailing movement reached the nursery, where she began to write verses as soon as she could print her letters, and always kept a grubby notebook by her bedside, to put down her "waking thoughts" before they escaped with the dawn. As a great granddaughter of the not too reputable William Jerdan, she was born with a literary inheritance which had lost all immediate traces in a succession of hunting Gloucestershire squires; but the elements of romance were in her blood, for her earlier forbears, like Swinburne's, had spent their blood like water and their gold like sand in the ruined cause of the young Pretender. Literature and romance, however, had somewhat languished in a family which found its present duties amid "the dusty purlieus of the law," and, except for the devoted sympathy and interest of her mother, Miss Stuart had no sort of literary education, and very little encouragement in her first attempts to write. Indeed her earliest articulate copy of verse, perhaps not unnaturally, came as a great shock to pious relatives. For the theme was "The Devil weeping over Jerusalem," and there seems to have been in the poet's heart a secret sympathy with the Prince of this World, as he lamented the beautiful city which was in danger of being lost to him through the persuasive preaching of Christ. At this time the poet was ten years old, and a few months later she caused further domestic disruptions by reciting aloud, to casual visitors of both sexes, a "Song of Psyche," into which she had packed all the most appalling phrases which she had been able to collect from the Bible and the Elizabethan dramatists. By this time it was felt that her work deserved the common fate of all too frank and inflammatory literature. A little book of laborious manuscript, containing some ninety pieces, found its way to the family dustbin, and was transported by the myrmidons of hygiene to a refuse hill some miles from her home. This panorama of an eager but unappreciated childhood closes with the spectacle of a little girl, convulsed in a frenzy of tears, raking over heaps of garbage with feverish, blistered fingers, never to find again the poems that were lost.

These childish memories, trivial enough in themselves, have one very real interest for readers of Miss Stuart's maturer work; they bear witness to an unusual consistency in her taste and its development. The books which she read most eagerly in the nursery were Percy's "Reliques," Milton, and a small dictionary of Greek Mythology, and with these she saturated her young imagination with melody and colour which have become the very fabric of her later poetry. These, and the country scenes, which she saw from her childhood's window, have been the most stimulating of all her influences. She cherished a passion for trees, for flowers, and for sunlight on the lawn, and the natural imagery with which her poetry is laden (and sometimes, perhaps, a little over-laden) is all drawn from these first associations, and returns to them still in memory. Her verse

From a drawing by Amy J. Drucker.

Muriel Stuart
(Mrs. Minnitt).

is full of pictures of this early home and its by no means shadowy recollections :

" I went by wood and waste toward the town :
The whole world lay, a quiet emerald
Set in a golden ring
Upon God's finger, against His bosom thralled ;
Elusive airs were blown
On elfin horns of Spring ;
Through the thin mist pale hawthorn trees peered out "

And so on, throughout a passage rich in light and colour.

So Nature got to work upon her composition, but the books she read influenced her no less. The Dictionary of Mythology, in particular, caught her young fancy in a net. It is unusual to find a woman filling her verse with classical imagery and allusion, but Miss Stuart's fancy never travels far from the gods of a dead day. Some of her poems, like " The Centaur's First Love," are deliberate adaptations of classical themes, translated into the language of a semi-Elizabethan frankness :

" I hunted her down the morning !
She leapt with neighing shrill ;
No stream too deep, too high no hill
To master such bright scorning :
Till where the reeds grew thick and tall
I saw her stumble, sway and fall.
But, from her eyes as I drew near
Leapt fear, and something more than fear :
She did not stir, she did not move,
She knew the ancient Sport of Love,
She knew me at the side of her.
From great gold mane to trembling hoof,
The sleek, the tawny hide of her—
All the predestined sweets thereof—
Are mine to crush or choke or kill. . . ."

In other, and more characteristic pieces, the poet develops a direct philosophy of modern paganism, discontented with the authority of creeds and stretching out eager hands for the liberty to think for herself, to realise the vague yearning for self-expression, to be free of the sunlight and the breeze. The old gods, in the Swinburnian phrase, were " noble and nude and antique " : the new rebellion returns to their inspiration from the bondage of repression and the discipline of thorns :

" What have our wisdom and our worship done
To raise such gods ?
To quench the ruined eyes of Parthenon
What newer beauty nods,
And shames the wreckless brow that stares upon
The amazed sun ? "

And here, at last, we arrive at the distinguishing quality of Miss Stuart's poetry, a passionate paganism, which (somewhat paradoxically) is rooted in the very sympathy and self-sacrifice of Christianity. The early examples which moulded Miss Stuart's imagination set her the task of choosing themes rather than of singing songs, and the themes which appeal to her most are all suggestive of the soul's emancipation from thraldom, whether of custom, convention or priestcraft. Particularly is she moved by the spectacle of suffering womanhood, and nothing stirs her righteous rage more bitterly than the sight of a dour religion, holding back its gloomy robe for fear of contamination from some poor fallen pleader by the wayside. Her fancy is captivated, in spite of itself, by the white Christ on the rood, only to turn at the next moment repelled by man's arrogant exclusiveness which would claim the possession of Truth as the right of any one creed or religious system :

" Thou canst not chain Christ to a chapel bell.
From brothels thinkest thou I hear no prayer ?
Doth not the choking gutter sing me well ?
Is not the whole sweet world my Sanctuary ? "

It is the god who is sacrificed to the creed, the god who, in different forms, reappears to enlighten the heart of generation after generation :

" . . . All men turn
Their unseen gods to graven images,
Each man the idol of his choosing leads
That in the Cockpit of men's brutal creeds
Each god may bleed and burn,
Till frailer ones be fallen on their knees—
Sweet gods soon broken upon the spears of Youth,
Soon silenced at the knee of Sophistry,
Till Earth's eyes with the lust of battle dim,
Till gaping Hell be bubbled to the brim,
And Heaven grow grey against a dead god's mouth."

Every revolution splits itself into a hundred streams, and the poetry of Miss Muriel Stuart, as I have tried to show, is just one outlet (and, to my mind, a very sympathetic and stimulating outlet) of that great woman movement which has so profoundly influenced the social life of our time, and will even more profoundly influence the social life of our children in the next generation. She is a revolutionary, founded in tradition. Her poetry itself, in its fine technique, rich workmanship and abundant imagery, is entirely in the tradition ; it takes its laws from the lawgivers of old. In the same way, her rebellion against convention, against pretence, against the lie in the soul, against injustice and tyranny of every kind, none the less leads back to honourable standards, away from anarchy to true order, to a humanity which is rooted in love, to self-realisation which finds itself at last in the service of others. " Go back," said Christ to the reveller at the Carnival,

" Go back ; thou hast two children in thy house."

The true freedom of womanhood is just a nobler servitude :

" I felt no agony of hope or loss,
Treading the old paths that beside me lay ;
For me no one great lifting on the Cross,
But small, slow crucifixions every day.
I brought no prayers, I made no conscious vows,
And though it seemed God never could confer
Duty so simple, such a humble faith,
And that no further life my soul could stir,
I went back, meekly, trusting what He saith :
' Go back, thou hast two children in thy house.' "

So the Mother of God fulfils herself in her daughters,

" In every violet-seller by the wall,
In pavement-saints, Madonnas of the Shawl,
In Magdalen's hair, in Martha's ministry,
Wherever women's heads are blessed or bowed,"

and so paganism and Christianity may unite their symbols at last in a humanity that is at heart divine, and in a perpetual service which is also perfect freedom.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE READER.

CHARLES LAMB:
SOME NEW BIOGRAPHICAL AND OTHER DETAILS.

By Major S. Butterworth.

A NEW edition of Mr. Lucas's "Life of Charles Lamb" has been recently issued, uniform in appearance with the same writer's edition of the "Works" and "Letters" in the Pocket edition. In their spring announcements the publishers described it as "a new edition, the fifth, in a new form, of a biographical classic," and informed all those whom it concerned that the author had subjected the text to a very close revision, but that nothing had been abridged and that certain additions had been made. The additions are not easily found except one interesting piece of information, viz., the fact that Lamb mounted the scales of an ancient firm of wine merchants in St. James's Street, who were in the habit of weighing "distinguished customers," with the result that we now know that his weight on June 14th, 1814, as recorded in their book, was 9 stone 3½ lbs., in boots.

With regard to the statement as to the thoroughness of the revision, Mr. Lucas does not perhaps make quite so large a claim as his publishers, for in his preface his avouchment is that it differs from the original edition by the "addition of certain corrections." All the same he must share with his publishers the blame of having produced an edition of which one can only say regretfully that the sooner it is itself revised, and that in workmanlike fashion, the better will his reputation as an authority on Lamb be sustained. Why this edition is called the fifth is not easily understood, as already the work has gone, in one form or another, into six editions, so that strictly speaking this is the seventh.

Having expressed the foregoing opinion, some evidence in justification of it is imperative, and is as follows: In the earlier editions of the work there are many errors, a fact not greatly to be wondered at considering the large field over which the author had spread his labours. Most of these were corrected in the one volume edition of either 1907 or 1910, but, with perhaps two exceptions, all these errors reappear in the present issue. For example, to give two or three instances, in his first edition Mr. Lucas quotes certain lines written by Charles Lloyd in his "Desultory Thoughts in London" as referring to Lamb, whereas they certainly refer to "another friend." Lamb and Coleridge had been addressed in previous stanzas. This mistake was corrected in the one volume edition, but in the present one the original error is repeated. In one impression we are told that no portrait of Manning exists. In the 1910 edition Mr. Lucas announces as one of the features of that edition "a portrait of Thomas Manning." In the present one we are again told that "no portrait of him exists." On page 545 we read: "All trace both of the original Elia and his writings has vanished." In the pocket edition of the "Letters" (1912) Mr. Lucas informs us that Elia "has recently been identified," gives us his full name and the work of which he was the author. The place of burial of Lamb's father, incorrectly given in the two volume edition, was corrected in the edition of 1910; in the present one the old error again raises its head. Similar remarks might be made of other mistakes—first corrected and afterwards ignored or overlooked—the numerous instances of which it would be too tedious to note here.

Much as has been done by Lamb's editors and others in increasing our knowledge of a fascinating subject—and none is more deserving of praise than Mr. Lucas—there is still room for workers, for many little questions call for solution. And one pleasing result is that diligent and patient research not infrequently rewards the seeker. The object of this paper is to share with others what the writer has been able to bring to light.

Charles Lamb.
From the painting by Meyer in the India Office.

On a day towards the end of March, 1761 (March 29th), a wedding party assembled in St. Dunstan's Church (the "punctual giants" of which were so beloved of Charles Lamb). This was the church in which Isaak Walton had worshipped and listened to the sermons of his friend the vicar, Dr. John Donne. The contracting parties were John Lamb, in the employ of Samuel Salt of the Inner Temple, and Elizabeth Field, then residing in the parish of St. Mary Le Bone. How the acquaintance between the two began is not at present known. One of the three witnesses of the marriage was William Dorrell, whom we meet in Lamb's essays and poems, but of whom we know

nothing definite except that he acted treacherously towards the Lambs. Another witness was Bennett Thomason. The third was Elizabeth Field's mother, Mary Field, who had, we must assume, left her Hertfordshire home to be present at her daughter's wedding. John Lamb is supposed to have been much older than his wife, but what his age was is still to be ascertained. We only know that when Samuel Salt made his will in 1786 John Lamb had been with his master nearly forty years. It is noticeable that John Lamb made his will in the same year in which he was married, on which occasion William Dorrell's services were again requisitioned as a witness.

Another matter of considerable importance and of no little interest, is the discovery of the circumstances in which Lamb's most famous poem, "The Old Familiar Faces," was composed. In a copy of "Blank Verse by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb" (1798), now in my possession, there is a note opposite the poem, written in pencil (I believe by Lamb), which runs thus:

"I spent an Evening about a week ago with Lloyd—White & a miscellaneous Companion [*sic*] was there—Lloyd had been playing on a Piano Forte, till my Feelings were wrought too high not to require Vent—I left y^{thm} suddenly & rush'd into ye Temple, where I was born, you know—& in ye State of Mind that followed Stanzas. They pretend to little like Metre, but they well pourtray ye Disorder I was in. . . ."

Another volume which I possess—"Poems by S. T. Coleridge, second edition. To which are now added Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd" (1797)—presented by Lamb to Marmaduke Thompson, an old schoolfellow of Lamb's, on May 3rd, 1798, is bound in exactly similar old tree-calf, with similar tooling, and there is much likelihood that both volumes were given to Thompson by Lamb. It may be remembered that Lamb dedicated his "Rosamund Gray" to the same friend. One difficulty with regard to the view that Lamb wrote the note is that "The Old Familiar Faces"

From a drawing by Fredk. Adcock.

House at Enfield where Charles Lamb lived.

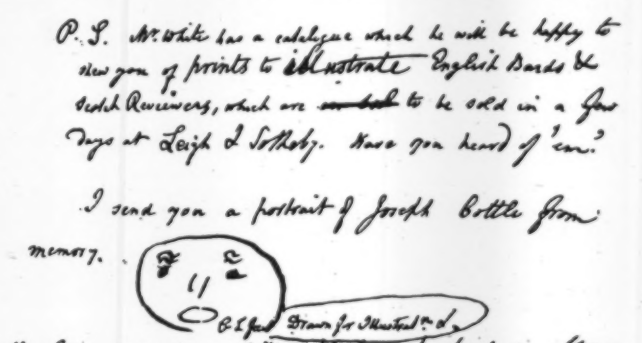

Photo by A. Debenham, Southsea.

Facsimile postscript of letter from Lamb to William Evans.

was written in January, 1798, and the book in which it was contained was not published until probably a few months later. It is rather puzzling to reconcile that fact with the statement that the evening spent with Lloyd was quite recent—"about a week ago." In any case, whether Lamb wrote the note himself or sent the poem in manuscript to the owner of the volume accompanied by an explanatory letter which was subsequently copied by the latter into the book, the interesting fact remains that either in a letter or in the book, here we have for the first time Lamb's own account of the genesis of the poem. The note undoubtedly throws a flood of light on the poem and on Lamb's state of mind at the time. In this connexion Lamb's letter to Coleridge, dated January 28th, 1798, should be referred to. My impression is that at a time when Lamb was saddened and depressed by a return of Mary's malady at Christmas, 1797, Lloyd's endeavours to cheer up his friend by playing on the piano either frivolous tunes or, on the other hand, possibly those appealing too strongly to the emotions, produced the effect described in the note. Another interesting point is that Lamb's comment proves convincingly that the friend mentioned in the fifth stanza *was* Lloyd:

> "I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man.
> Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
> Left him to muse on the old familiar faces."

Further, it is not unlikely that henceforth the lines beginning: "Ghostlike, I pac'd round the haunts of my childhood," will be intimately associated with that eventful evening. There is against another of the poems of the same book, "Composed at Midnight," the following note which reveals the identity of "the dying man, who lies in the upper chamber" (ll. 9 and 10): "I lay awake one night and heard Mr. Weatherhead, our Landlord, groan—he is since dead of a destroy'd Constitution." This was the landlord of the house in Chapel Street, Pentonville, in which Lamb and his father were living.

Recent investigations have furnished some particulars of the father of Mrs. Elizabeth Reynolds, Lamb's old schoolmistress, to whom Lamb was a generous benefactor for so many years until her death in 1832. Charles Chambers was clerk for nearly sixty years to two sub-Treasurers of the Inner Temple—Mr. Samuel Salt and Mr. Frederick respectively. He was also for many years

Librarian to the Society. His death took place in 1777. In 1807 his daughter was granted £10 a year by the Bench, and this annuity was continued up to March 26th, 1832. On her death Lamb tells Moxon that he has "buried Mrs. Reynolds at last, who has *virtually at least* bequeath'd me a legacy of £32 per ann."—that sum being the amount he allowed her.

Some addition to our knowledge of one of Lamb's most delightful friends, George Dyer, may now be made. The statement that his father was a watchman living in Wapping appears to have no foundation in fact. When George was admitted to Christ's Hospital on July 1st, 1762, his father is described as Citizen and Shipwright from the Precinct of Bridewell. Further investigation has brought to light the following extracts from the records in the "Worshipful Company of Shipwrights," for which I am indebted to the courtesy of the Clerk: "31st July, 1753 [nearly two years before George Dyer's birth] John Dyer made free by service sworn and paid his fees." Another extract from the same source records that on "28th March, 1793, John Dyer, son of John Dyer, late of St. Bride's, Whitefryers, London, Lighterman, was this day admitted a freeman or member of this society by patrimony and took the oath appertaining." These entries clearly show that George Dyer's father was not quite such a humble individual as he has hitherto been considered.

I have recently discovered from an interesting article on the New River by Thomas Westwood, in *The Angler's Note Book*, 1888, that George Dyer contributed a short paper, "The New River at Hornsey," to Hone's second volume of "The Every-Day Book," in which he refers to Lamb's cottage at Islington as "endeared to me . . . by its being the abode of 'as much virtue as can *live*.'"

Charles Lamb
scratched on copper from life in 1823, by his friend Brook Pulham.

After Lamb's death Dyer wrote obituary notices of him to two periodicals, *The Christian Reformer, or Unitarian Magazine or Review*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

In his reference to the performance of Coleridge's "Remorse" at Drury Lane on January 23rd, 1813, Mr. Lucas states that "Lamb tells us nothing of the performance, nor does Robinson mention him as being present." The statement is quite correct, yet there is evidence of his presence from the following excerpt from a letter (unpublished, I believe) written by George Dawe to Southey, January 25th, 1813:

> "As soon as Coleridge entered the box before the play began—Lamb with his usual waggishness pointed him out and set up a clap which became so general that C—— was obliged to rise."

Coleridge's own reference to the ovation omits all mention of Lamb's part in the incident. He writes thus (to his wife): "You may have heard that on my entering the box on Saturday night, I was discovered by the Pit, and they all turned their faces towards our box, and gave a treble cheer of claps."

Perhaps the most interesting fact in connection with Lamb's family history is the identification of one who has hitherto been a somewhat mysterious person, viz., "my cousin, the bookbinder" to whom there are several references in the "Letters." The first one is to be found in Mary's letter to Sarah Hazlitt, June 2nd, 1809:

> "I cannot write any more, for we have got a noble 'Life of Nelson' lent us for a short time by my poor relation the bookbinder, and I want to read as much of it as I can."

No further mention occurs until July 19th, 1827, when Lamb tells Patmore of his having "*waked* it at my cousin's, the bookbinder, who is now with God"; then follows another in the letter to Barron Field, October 4th, 1827. That is the last one, but on December 22nd of the same year Lamb asks Moxon to "call and see Mrs. Lovekin."

The first clue to the identification was given in an American book-dealer's catalogue containing a list of the most important Lamb books that have been offered for sale for a long time. Among them the most interesting was a presentation copy of Lamb's "Works," 1818, to "Mr. C. Lovekin, from his friend and cousin the Author." On coming across this delectable entry I wrote, "no leisure bated," to a friend to look up at Somerset House the will of Mr. C. Lovekin, when to her and my joy his last will and testament was found, a copy of which now lies before me. A further search elsewhere in Directories and the *Gentleman's Magazine* put us in possession of the following facts: first, that Charles Lovekin was in 1821 a bookbinder and his place of business 10, Pemberton Row, Gough Square, Fleet Street; secondly, that he died on July 14th, 1827, at Windsor Place, Islington, aged 47. From the latter details it will be seen that when the Lambs were living at the Temple and at Colebrook Row respectively, their cousin was a near neighbour. On July 20th, 1827, the widow was duly sworn to the truth of the will and codicil "and declared that the whole Goods, Chattels and Credits of the deceased do not amount in value to the sum of six thousand pounds."

On which side the relationship with Lamb lay, whether on his father's or mother's side, cannot be definitely stated, nor whether this was a near or distant one, but as Lovekin's mother was living in 1827 and as Lamb stated in October, 1797, that his father was "the last of all his family," Lovekin's mother could not have been John Lamb's sister whose name is not known. Additional proof of this is to be found in the fact that the Christian names of Lovekin's mother were Sarah Ann, the first of which we know was that of John Lamb's second sister, whom Charles refers to as "Aunt Hetty."

Lamb occasionally gave his correspondents an example of his skill as an artist. The hitherto unprinted one accompanying this article, may not be unacceptable,

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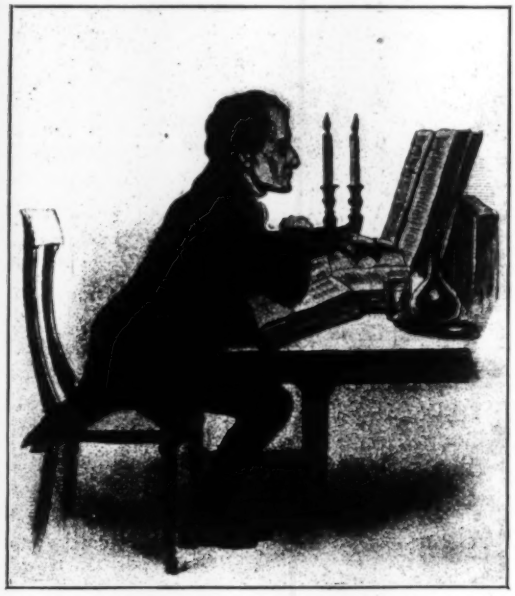
apart from its æsthetic value. It was ostensibly sent to his friend William Evans, of the East India House, for the purpose of extra-illustrating Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

To conclude this discursive paper, Lamb students may be interested to learn that the author of a charming review of "The Last Essays of Elia" contributed to the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1835, was Hartley Coleridge. Whether Talfourd identified the author, whose review he characterised as "admirable," is not known.

SOME CHARLES LAMB RELICS.

By Mrs. G. A. Anderson.

WHEN, in May, 1833, Charles Lamb took a sudden resolution to go and live with Mary in Edmonton, at the house of Mrs. Walden (who was a mental nurse, and had looked after Mary in previous attacks), the brother and sister left behind them at Enfield two of their few remaining possessions. To Mrs. Westwood, with whom they had boarded since 1829, Mary presented a pair of silver candlesticks, "in acknowledgment" (I quote from the Prefatory Memoir in "A Literary Friendship") "of the care Mrs. Westwood took of her beloved brother during her sequestration."



Charles Lamb.

From a drawing by Maclise.

To young Tom Westwood, the intelligent, book-loving boy who afterwards wrote such delightful reminiscences of the Lambs in *Notes and Queries*, Charles gave a pastel portrait of his old schoolmistress, Mrs. Reynolds, taken in the hey-day of her youth—it depicts her with grey-blue eyes, dark hair, and dress of shimmery white; a contrast to the "elderly lady, formal, fair, and flaxen-wigged," as she is described by Thomas Hood. This lady, to whom Lamb, in the goodness of his heart, allowed a pension of £32 per annum, had died the previous year, the last of the old family friends who had known the Lambs in the days of Samuel Salt.

Both these relics of the Lambs have been carefully preserved by the Westwood family. Young Thomas Westwood went to Brussels in 1846, and married there a charming Belgian lady, Rosalie Emilia Deby. He lived until 1888, and his widow survived him until 1916. They left no children. The candlesticks and portrait remained in their country home at The Guldenburg, Boitsfort, through the whole period of the war, but most fortunately, although the house was occupied by the retreating German armies, the treasures were so carefully concealed that they escaped disaster, and have now been safely transferred to Manchester, where they are in the possession of a niece of Mrs. Rosalie Westwood, Mrs. Pattison Muir, who has kindly given permission for the relics to be photographed.

JOHN LAMB'S PICTURES.

Writing to Wordsworth on March 20th, 1822, Lamb says:

"Thank you for asking about the Pictures. Milton hangs over my fireside in Covt. Gard. (when I am there), the rest have been sold for an old song, wanting the eloquent tongue that should have set them off!"

Lamb is of course referring to the "choice collection" of pictures amassed by his brother John, who had died on October 26th of the previous year. The story of the Milton portrait (which is now in America) has been fully told by Mr. Lucas, but of the pictures which were sold no details have so far been forthcoming. If we look, however, at the only letter extant from Lamb to his sister-in-law (dated May 22nd, 1822) we find the remark, "Christie has not sent to me, and I suppose is in no hurry to settle the account. I think, in a day or two, if I do not hear from you to the contrary, I shall refresh his memory."

An inquiry at Christie's led to the discovery that on March 14th, 1822, was sold there

"A Small but Valuable Collection of
Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch
PICTURES,
The Genuine Property of
JOHN LAMB, ESQ.,
Late of the South Sea House, deceased, well known for his love of the Fine Arts."

To give all the fifty-five lots would occupy too much space, but the following are some of the most noticeable:

S. Rosa	St. John baptizing our Saviour.
F. Zuccaro	Portrait of Mary Queen of Scots and her son James.
Canaletti	A View of St. Mark's Place at Venice; a gallery picture.
Claude	A View of the Vatican; a gallery picture.

G. POUSSIN	A grand Landscape; engraved.
TITIAN	A Female Head; *small study*.
TITIAN	Susannah and the Elders; from Mr. Cosway's Collection.
SIR P. LELY	Portrait of Algernon Sidney.
D. TENIERS	Interior of a Guard House, with Soldiers playing at cards.
A. CARRACCI	Descent from the Cross; from Mr. Knight's Collection; engraved.
WOUWERMANS	A Village with a Horse Fair; *highly finished*.
W. V. DE VELDE	A Calm; a little beautiful picture, from Mr. Knight's Collection.
TENIERS	The Triumphal Procession of Prince Leopold to Strasburg, with a multitude of figures.
MURILLO	Salvator Mundi; beautifully coloured.
V. DYCK	Christ's Victory over Sin; very elegantly and finely coloured.
DOMENICHINO	A Reposo in Egypt, with Romantic Scenery and Figures. *Very elegant.*

If the pictures were as good as they sound in the catalogue, the dealers must have reaped a harvest that day. The portrait of Mary Queen of Scots and her son James, by Zuccaro, presumably a replica of the one in Draper's Hall, sold for £3 15s. Two Claudes for less than £9. Studies by Titian and Rubens £3 3s. apiece —total amount fetched, £336! Several of the more important pictures, however, failing to reach the reserve price, were returned to Mrs. Lamb. Amongst these was the "tender, pastoral Domenichino" ("is the ball of his sight more dear to him?").

Observe, the pictures were returned to Mrs. Lamb, and not to Charles, although by the wording of John's will everything was left to him. Here, it seems, we have another instance of John's aptitude for shifting his responsibilities on to the shoulders of his younger brother. Charles was in fact trustee, and not legatee. We have a hint from Crabb Robinson that John had irregular connections, who would have to be provided for, as well as his widow. Considering that when Charles himself died he left less than £1,500, we may feel fairly certain that the Milton he set such store by, was the sole legacy he actually received from his brother.

Photo by E. Vincent Ward, Manchester.

Portrait of Mrs. Reynolds which belonged to Thomas Westwood.

On the back is inscribed: "Portrait of Charles Lamb's schoolmistress, given me by Charles Lamb when he left Enfield.—T. Westwood."

One picture of John's, not in Christie's catalogue, is mentioned by B. R. Haydon in a note to the entry in his diary for October 13th, 1828, describing the quarrel between John Lamb and Hazlitt.

He says:

"This was the Lamb who had a very curious original picture of Queen Elizabeth. He showed it privately, and by desire, to the Princess Charlotte. The moment she saw it, Her Royal Highness irreverently exclaimed: 'O Christ! What a fright!'"

It would be interesting if this picture could be traced; it does not appear to be in the catalogue of Queen Elizabeth portraits compiled by Freeman O'Donoghue.

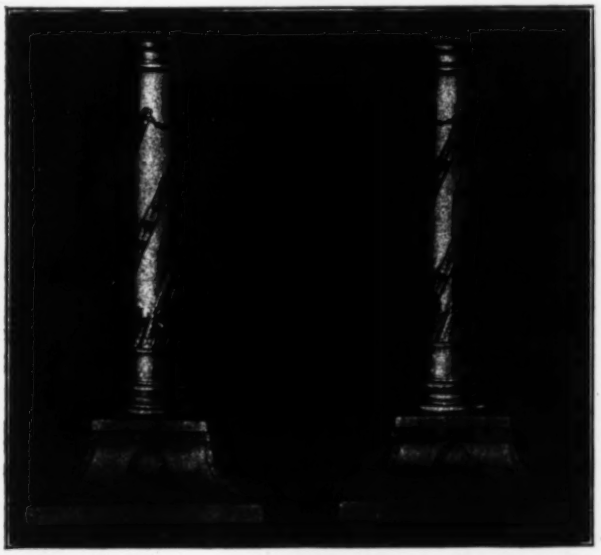


Photo by E. Vincent Ward, Manchester.

Pair of Silver Candlesticks,

once the property of Charles Lamb, and given by Mary Lamb in 1833 to Thomas Westwood's mother.

A LETTER FROM THOMAS MANNING TO LAMB.

It was a sad day for Lamb when Thomas Manning, who, after Coleridge, was the friend nearest to his heart, took his departure for Canton in May, 1806.

In December, 1804, Manning had been permitted by Napoleon to return to England, the first of the British prisoners of war in France to obtain this concession, and the following sixteen months had been spent by him between Cambridge and London, making the necessary preparations for his journey to China. The last half-year Manning was pretty constantly in London, studying medicine at the Westminster Hospital. "Manning's come to town in spectacles, and studies physic," writes Lamb to Hazlitt, November 10th, 1805. It was during this final period that he had a mould taken of his features, and was thus able to present a life-like bust of himself to his family and most intimate friends, as a parting memento. The Master of Caius, Dr. Martin Davy, was one of the recipients;

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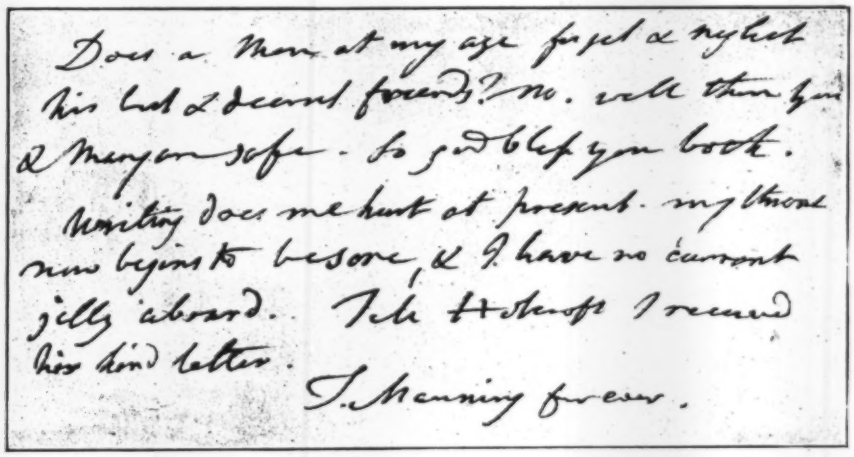
whether Lamb was another is a matter for conjecture. He certainly refers to a bust in his letter to Bernard Barton (autumn, 1827), but this may have been one of those modelled by his father, who (as Lamb says of Lovel) "moulded heads in clay or plaster of Paris to admiration."

By the kind permission of the Rev. C. U. Manning, a photograph of what must be the most accurate likeness extant of his great-uncle is here reproduced. Manning's age at this date was thirty-three.



Facsimile of concluding lines of letter from Thomas Manning to Charles Lamb.

The fact that he and Manning had lately been more in each other's company than ever before, made it all the harder for Lamb when, on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 7th, Manning took his final departure from the Tavistock Hotel by coach (inside place) for Portsmouth. How keenly Lamb felt the parting is shown by the letter he sent after his friend, beginning "I didn't know what your going was till I shook a last fist with you, . . ."

Luckily Manning's ship, the *Thames* East Indiaman (on which, through the good offices of Sir Joseph Banks, the Directors of the E.I. Co. had given him a free passage), was delayed in sailing until the following Monday, so that he not only received Lamb's letter, but had time to write this reply, part of which is here given in facsimile:

Dated by post-mark,
May 12th, 1806.

DEAR LAMB,—

As we are not sailed yet, & I have a few minutes why should not I give you a line to say that I received your kind letter yesterday, & shall read it again before I have done with it. I am sorry I had not time to call on Mary—but I did not call even on my own father, & he's 70, & loves me like . . . a father.

I don't know that you can do anything for me at the India house—if you hear anything there about me, communicate it to Mr. Crabtree, 13 Newgate Street. . . .

I am not dead nor dying—some people go into Yorkshire for four years, & never come to London all the while! I go to China—What's the difference to our London friends?

I am persuaded I shall come back and see more of you than I have ever been able—who knows but I may make a fortune & take you & Mary out a-riding in my coach. There's nobody has a prior claim to you, you may depend upon it—of course you know you must leave room for my little Chinese wife, because poor pipsey's feet are so small she can't walk you know!

Does a man at my age forget & neglect his best & dearest friends? No. Well then you & Mary are safe—so God bless you both.

Writing does me hurt at present—my throat now begins to be sore, & I have no currant jelly aboard. Tell Holcroft I received his kind letter.

T. MANNING for ever.

(Sketch of a ship.) Monday Morning.

P.S.—1806.

Mr. Charles Lamb,
India house,
London.

Note in Lamb's writing: "Received 13 May 1806."

Letters *to* Lamb are so seldom met with, owing to his habit of destroying his correspondence, that it will be good news to lovers of Elia to learn that a partial exception was made in favour of Manning, and that thirty letters from him to Lamb have been preserved, and will be published in Major Butterworth's forthcoming book of new Lamb matter.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best epigram in four lines of original verse on any public man.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE for the best lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Vera I. Arlett, of 5, Forest Road, Broadwater, Worthing, and Margaret Bardwell, of Quebec, Mundesley-on-Sea, Norfolk, for the following:

AFTER-LIFE.

If power be mine, for which I wait,
And all save dreams, obey my will,
O, never knock upon sleep's gate,
For dreaming, I should love you still.

If happiness may follow me,
To make a tearless joy my share,
O, haunt no far, faint memory,
Lest I should weep to find you there.

And if I die, seek not the grass
That grows between me and the day!
I could not bear you twice to pass
Over my heart, away—away.

VERA I. ARLETT.

WINDYDOWN HILL.

Stars by the roadside are white petalled daisies,
Gold in the meadows the buttercups spill:
Borne from the south, little breezes come playing,
Setting the wheat in an ecstasy swaying,
Singing and swaying on Windydown Hill.

Sweet sing the blackbirds, and sweeter the thrushes,
High in the heavens the glad skylarks trill:
Down from the blue comes a rhapsody falling
Over the meadows where cuckoos are calling,
Mocking and calling o'er Windydown Hill.

Photo by Adolphus Lea, Ipswich.

Thomas Manning (1806).

From a bust in the possession of the Rev. C. U. Manning.

Droop your pale faces, sweet white petalled daisies,
Little soft whispering breezes—be still:
Hide your gay beauty, you golden gorse bushes,
Cease your wild singing, dear blackbirds and thrushes—
Lonely I'm walking on Windydown Hill!

MARGARET BARDWELL.

We also select for printing:

THE GLIMPSE.

There is a singing in my heart
Because I've seen my love to-day.
She did not speak nor smile at me,
She did not even look my way.
Yet now the skies that were so grey,
Are blue, and flecked with white-winged birds;
There is a singing in my heart
Because I've seen my love to-day.

(Myra Ford, Writers' Club, 10, Norfolk Street, W.C.2.)

WAYS OF SILENCE.

O Love! your grey eyes glimmer down the roadways of my heart,
The empty ways of silence where the tears of sorrow start.
Once there was echoing laughter,
And a lilt of words—and after
Just pain and burdened silence and a bitter after-smart.

We knew the sea's wild music once, and heard the storm-wind shout,
And Love leapt out and ran to you and folded you about.
. . . But there was pain and dying;
And now my love goes crying
Through clover-fields by tiréd seas before the stars rush out.

Oh! lift me into deathless joy, or lull my soul to sleep,
For I go stumbling through the dusk where many waters weep,
Lost in a mad endeavour,
The waves break blindly ever,
And comfortless and lonely goes the sobbing homeless deep.

Love! put your arms about me once, and give me—give me rest,
For all my pride is broken down and all my love confessed.
Lo! dawnless night is falling,
And winds and waves are calling
In moans of alien music as the shadows hide the west.

With you passed all dawn's strangeness and the sunset's mysteries,
And earth is full of muffled sobs and baffling silences.
The west grows dim and dimmer,
And still your grey eyes glimmer
Down roads where never a dawn-cry breaks, nor any laughter is.

(C. A. Renshaw, 112, Cowlishaw Road, Sharrow, Sheffield.)

We also specially commend the lyrics sent by Alice W. Linford (London, N.), Miss G. Gwyn (Bruges), Caroline Kershaw (Lincoln), Adrian Heard (Parkstone), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.O.W.), Ruth Bevan (Bude) Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian), J. A. B. (Highgate), E. J. Poignard (Brighton), B. Richardson (St. Blazey), Eleanor Hibblethwaite (Wimbledon), Teresa Hooley (Derby), H. Ross (Hove), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-on-Trent), N. S. Sudhakar (Madras), Una Shaw (Singleton, N.S.W.), G. Pitt (London, N.), Winifred Jackson (Solihull), Beatrice Hopley (Goole), Phyllis Erica Noble (Walthamstow), Leslie M. Priest (Norwich), Margaret Rivers Larminie (London, S.W.), John Peterson (Leith), Mary Yelland (Lincoln), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Paul White (Bradford), "Moonstone" (Liverpool), Eleanor S. Dalkin (Durham), Lona Norman (Windlesham), Archie L. Pearce (Sydenham), Edith Allen (Bristol), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), G. R. Faraday (Orleton).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to E. M. Capern, of 70, East Sheen Avenue, S.W.14, for the following:

PHILOSOPHY IN ACTION.

"How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine!
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine."
From the song "Clementine," by PERCY MONTROSE.

We also select for printing:

A TOUR IN A DONKEY CART. (The Bodley Head.)
"And all excipt the Donkey was agreeable to go."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Legend of Evil.*

(Annie P. Pearson, 50, Savile Park Road, Halifax.)

SOCIAL ECONOMICS.
BY PROFESSOR J. HARRY JONES. (Methuen.)
"Come, live in my heart and pay no rent."
S. LOVER.

(Mrs. Monk, 5, King's Park Road, Bournemouth.)

THE OLD ORDER CHANGES. BY DAVID LYALL. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"I can't get one old crony now
To join me in a spree."
H. G. BELL, *The Bachelor's Lament.*

(H. J. Norton, Lansmere, Leamington Spa.)

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS. BY JOHN RUSSELL. (Thornton Butterworth.)
"I do not without danger walk these streets."
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night, III*, 3.

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best appreciation of the music of any living British composer is awarded to Arthur J. Dobson, of 6, Well Close View, Leeds, for the following:

DR. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Folksongs are the wild flowers of music, and our most typical composer has gathered them into fragrant bouquets, adding choice blooms in his own terse themes.

The haunting opening of "A Norfolk Rhapsody" gives the hazy width of sun-lit horizons. His beloved shanties from King's Lynn wake to new life in fresh, unextravagant harmonies. He has fused the dignity of Cambridge culture into the common lilts of lane and shore.

Nobody but Williams could express the spirit of London in a Symphony scented with the Lavender cry. A master of orchestration, he dares to end three of its movements pianissimo. Voices join instruments in the "Sea" Symphony to conjure the magic of the deep: his tune, "For all the saints," envisages the glassy sea. His music is as the "tang" and sparkle of cider rather than the heady wines of Europe. Too ascetic to argue, his Muse speaks inevitably.

We specially commend the replies by Victor S. Pritchett (Paris), M. C. Smyth (Bournemuth), Barbara Drummond (Winchester), Dorothea Hussey (Godalming), A. Y. Stewart (Bearsden), C. H. Beard (Swansea), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-on-Trent), B. Surtees (Hove).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Eric N. Simons, of Carlton Lodge, Endcliffe Terrace Road, Sheffield, for the following:

THE SALVAGING OF CIVILISATION.
BY H. G. WELLS. (Cassell.)

From the deceptive calm of his study, Mr. Wells looks out upon a world seamed and slashed with recent conflict, faint from loss of blood, but with hand still obstinately resting on the sword-hilt. The confident optimism of former books has vanished. Page after page reveals the author's dread of a final cataclysm in which Humanity, with all its greatness and achievement, will perish. Passionately, therefore, and with almost painful urgency, he pleads for world-law, world-peace, a new Bible, and education freed from limiting traditions. With these weapons civilisation may conquer its weaknesses. Without them, self-destruction through war is inevitable.

We also select for printing:

THE DRAGON IN SHALLOW WATERS.
BY V. SACKVILLE-WEST. (Collins.)

This strange, powerful book might almost have come from the pen of Emily Brontë, so boldly drawn are the characters of the "black Denes"—one blind from birth, the other deaf and dumb—against the skilfully sketched background of the desolate fen country. Silas Dene, with his unusual mental powers and his colossal egotism, striving to assert himself against his blindness and helplessness by sudden acts of violence and cruelty, yet baffled by a jealously hidden streak of weakness within, is an arresting figure: scarcely less so the silent Gregory, brooding watchfully over the actions of his young wife.

(B. Noël Saxelby, 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

We specially commend the reviews sent by Frederick Willmer (Ramsey, Isle of Man), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Alan C. Fraser (Ramsgate), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), Aileen N. L. Parker (London, W.), Miss J. A Jenkins (Liverpool), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), C. M. Young (Battersea Park), J. B. Harrison (Amersham), Miss L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Miss P. E. Bentley (Halifax), Katherine J. Wood (Birmingham), Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), C. M. Baker (Olton), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss B. M. Beard, Waldernheath, Cornwall Road, Harrogate.

LORD DUNSANY.

By C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE march of the suburbs, the victory of the factories, the growth of those systems, utilitarian, commercial, material, which feed the pocket and often starve the heart, render it necessary more and more that the imagination should have fuller, wider play in art, in sympathy, in life. The world has fallen into sad and sordid ways. Now and then in history a man has arisen to break the crusts of convention and re-establish principles and a new ideal, bringing back, as it were, the reflection of the stars to our gutters; but where now is that pioneer, reformer, idealist? The thing called progress, the dark blessing known as prosperity, veils and clouds the world; and humanity spends its opportunity in admiring dross and drivel.

It is therefore right that we should be grateful to Lord Dunsany and to such others as he who, amid the welter of this costermonger hustle, see something of the truths beyond the sunset and remind us of them in prose or poetry worthy of the theme. For surely, after sympathy, imagination is the quality most necessary to our condition. Dunsany touches topmost things. In his vital dreams he wanders among the stars, stands with triumph often at the very Edge of the World, where "gluttering" beasts in haunted cavities frown

and granite cliffs tower, threatening to overturn, yet ever enduring—"linked with a multitude of wayward stairs." The very extremity of this dreaming, its ever-desperate endeavour to comprehend infinity from the brink of the ultimate, is in truth a vehement protest against the sordid worldliness of a groping mankind.

Lord Dunsany's work, whether expressed through essay-form, true narrative (as in "Unhappy Far-Off Things"), or in fable, parable or play, is throughout distinctively his. Other writers in prose and verse have attained similar heights, have as surely recognised the irony of human ambition under the splendid indifference of eternity, have also heard some whispering of the laughter of the gods. Tomlinson, Omar, "The Ancient Mariner," "Thirza," "The Opium-Eater"—it needs no more than a hurried handful of memorable names to prove that Lord Dunsany's particular form of the ironic imagination, raising up mockery on immortal wings, has been shared by several. But other writers have won to these heights only sometimes. It has been one aspect only of their work. All Dunsany's endeavours, however, belong to this especial group; and, strangely, the only comparison to himself is to be found in his colleague, Mr. Sime, whose genius—that right word—places him at the absolute forefront of artists in ironic imagination and the perfection of black-and-white. For such work as Mr. Sime has given and still can give us we ought to go down thankfully on humble knees, hoping for more and much more from his inspired pencil.

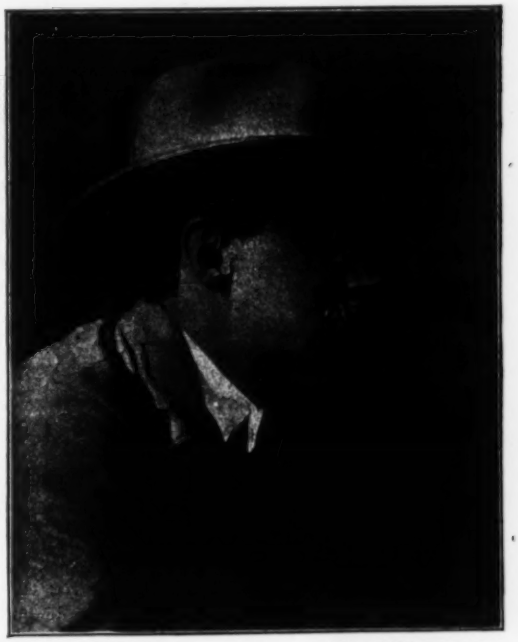


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Lord Dunsany.**

As is to be expected, considering its challenge, Lord Dunsany's work is uneven. As a whole it is true to an exalted standard, and is deeply touched with the subtle, rare humour that holds a secret pity; but sometimes the vision threatens to overtopple, though never does it positively overtopple, or fall to the ludicrous. He is best in his short things, as in the two "Books of Wonder" and the "Fifty-One Tales," as well as in the volumes of Plays. Brevity and variety are his safeguards; the good fairies that prevent his falling to bathos and tediousness. For Eternity, his province, while stimulating to the imagination and helpfully awful to the heart, is indeed a gaping opportunity to boredom. "The Gods of Pegana" and "Time and the Gods," leaving aside the wonderful drawings of Mr. Sime, are so determinately exalted—those deities among the mountains are far removed from the human—and so successfully resist the tendency to be natural, that reading them makes them seem like a new pagan service all litany; one shares the wish of the nicely-naughty child who declared that rather than go to the orthodox joys of heaven she would prefer having the little devils to play with. When irony is oversustained it loses its effect; when the imagination rises to, and remains at, heights beyond the range of human sympathy it becomes very like a goose with laboured wings flying over a wilderness. Beauty, wit, immortality, are divorced from their estate. And that is all that need be said of the defects of Lord Dunsany's great qualities.

How good those qualities are! No one can tell a tale more deftly; no one has a greater sense of the sufficiency and economy of words. His parables and tales are a mosaic in which the right verbal colouring is generally aptly, exactly used. He is fond of the quest of stolen jewels, with the inevitable hunter following on and on, through valleys and over mountains, along dizzy precipices and up dazzling heights; until the divine vengeance leaps and the mortal life is spilled to the tune of shadowy mirth. If it is not a great jewel stolen it is something else of an equal mystic quality, as the contents of the golden box "conveyed" by the three literary men, Slith and Slorg and Sippy, which contained "fifteen peerless odes in the alcaic form, five sonnets that were by far the most beautiful in the world, nine ballads in the manner of Provence that had no equal in the treasuries of man, a poem addressed to a moth in twenty-eight perfect stanzas, a piece of blank verse of over a hundred lines on a level not yet known to have been attained by man, as well as fifteen lyrics on which no merchant would dare to set a price." Whatever may be the treasures in his tales which tempt the dishonest heart, be sure there is an ironic vengeance inevitably following. The best example of this favourite subject of Lord Dunsany is found in his play, "A Night at an Inn," wherein four merchant-sailors, having stolen the solitary ruby eye of the idol Klesh, are dogged by three priests who, despite dodging, hiding and subterfuge, follow infallibly the thief who holds the jewel. The robbers, led by a broken "toff" with brains and foresight, at this desperate juncture hire an inn in a wood, purposing to entrap and murder their pursuers. The plot is successful. The priests are tricked and slain; and then—then, when victory is won, the ominous tramping of heavy feet is heard, and Klesh himself comes in. The monstrous idol, groping, finds his eye, restores it to his forehead and then goes out, to call the murderers one by one to their doom. The play has humour, insight and the surprise which brings the thrill. Its very grotesquerie enhances the verisimilitude.

With all Lord Dunsany's predilection for the supernatural and supernormal; for those mighty powers, Time and Death, with Pan, the Sphinx, elaborate idols,

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rattling dragons, and the infinite deities of his own creation, he manages even in his lofty flights generally to remain in touch with humanity. He recognises towns and the factory system as the institutions they are—horribly destructive to beauty and the kindnesses of life; though he also sees the assured finality even of enormities. We are given a glimpse of Pan reproving the flowers and saying, "Be patient a little, these things are not for long." He brings this truth further home by his sketches of, and references to London. This facet of his irony finds happy play in "A Tale of London," wherein the hasheesh-eater, sitting cross-legged upon a purple cushion before his Sultan, blinked seven times and described London with its golden balconies, and sand-strewn alabaster ways, lighted with lanterns of chrysoprase; its Thames bearing ships with violet sails, bringing incense for the braziers that perfume the streets, silver for the statues of heroes, sapphires to reward their poets. . . . If only our county councillors would read this gentle satire, and our members of Parliament study Gibbon!

To choose the happiest story and the best from such an abundant treasury is a task for the hero of a fairy-tale; but three I must mention, for they have the highest qualities of imagination, humour and that sweet essential, wistful pathos. "The Wonderful Window" belonged to Mr. Sladden, who bought from a strange man in the street a little window in old wood with small panes set in lead. Sladden fastened the window over a small cupboard in his poor bed-sitting-room and found that he could see through the window an ancient city with towers, archers and troubadours, and many little flags showing golden dragons on a silver field. Every hour that he could spare from business he spent at his magic window, watching the people in the wonderful city; until one day enemies appeared, fighting resulted in the streets and the invaders were winning, when Sladden, to help the good cause, seized his poker, smashed the window and—its vision was gone! Nothing was left to him but his business, which is a parable to us. Another outstanding tale is the strange record of Captain Shard, the bluggy pirate who, surrounded by enemies on the sea, fixed wheels to the bottom of his ship and—yo-ho-ho! and a bottle of rum!—sailed away to safety on the dry land, traversing the African desert and winning escape—to be spent eventually with a lovely queen on a floating island—to the profitable sea. "Thirteen at Table," the third of these gems, or plums, or what-you-please-to-call-'em, is one of the best ghost-tales put into printer's ink. A huntsman, after a vigorous chase, rides far, very far, and comes to a strange house in a neglected park, where he demands and, after hesitancy, receives shelter. His host, a recluse, confessed to having lived a wicked life. As the men talked the door opened again and again, when the carpet and the hangings flapped from the draught; but no one seemed entering, though always the guest was introduced by his host to a new invisible—to eleven women. And so they dined thirteen at table, two men and the others ghosts. . . . And that is enough for this telling.

Lord Dunsany is a hope in British literature, a necessary influence against the commonplaces of popular fiction. Until "If" took the town by storm at the Ambassador's, a month ago, he cannot have received much encouragement for his work; but I hope he will take this tribute as an appeal to continue his star-strewn and deity-haunted ways; for the world badly needs imagination, irony and sympathy such as his.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

Born 8th July, 1621.

BY EUGENE MASON.

THE long reign of Louis the 14th included the classical age of French literature. That reign, in many of its phases, was the zenith of monarchical glory. It expressed itself in deeds of arms, in policy, and in courtly ceremonial, and it culminated in the mad magnificence of Versailles. The noble rhetoric of Racine and of Bossuet seems peculiarly appropriate to so pompous a period, and it is strange that the most charming and entertaining figure amongst these eminent personages should prove the improvident and irresponsible *bonhomme* who ran lightly up the steps of the Academy with a slender volume of Fables and Apologues in his hand.

Jean de La Fontaine—the tercentenary of whose birth is observed on July 8th—was born of middle-class parents at Chateau-Thierry in Champagne. He was educated in the picturesque little town, and later in life became an honoured guest at the château which stood upon the hill. His first intention was to take holy orders, but after sixteen months residence in seminaries, his superiors decided that he had no vocation for the priesthood. He then turned to law and became a barrister, so that in due course he should succeed to his father's office as Controller of Waters and Forests. But his heart was as little concerned with law as with theology. He sauntered through ten happy years at Chateau-Thierry, dreaming, observing nature, studying old French literature, and falling in and out of love with an equal facility. This was an excellent preparation for his future work, but not conducive to worldly prosperity. Absence of mind became his ruling passion, or, at least, a settled habit. If he rode on the business of his office to Paris, it was odds but he lost his saddle bag, stuffed with documents, whilst absorbed in the weaving of rhymes. When received by *Le Roi Soleil* he forgot the book of verses he was to proffer his august patron; and more inexcusably, left behind him the purse of gold which was the monarch's gift in return. He contrived to forget even that he was wedded to a wife. La Fontaine's parents had married him early to a pretty girl of fourteen, but his duties as a husband and father sat lightly enough upon him. He saw his wife as seldom as possible, and did not recognise his son when chancing upon him unawares. The lady,

apparently, was literary and a trifle coquettish, and two of a trade in one house seldom agree. La Fontaine preferred literary ladies away from home. He frequented a *salon* where the hostess was both pretty and a charming writer of verse. The guest appreciated either quality equally. At last an unobtrusive husband in the background died, whilst the flow of poetry unaccountably ceased. Before dying, however, he had considerately composed obituary verses for his widow to pen; but when the fraud was discovered, not even the lady's comeliness sufficed to temper La Fontaine's resentment.

Jean de La Fontaine.

La Fontaine went to Paris, and embarked on the necessary business of finding a patron. He was fortunate enough to recommend himself to Fouquet, the Superintendent of Finance, and received from him a pension, in consideration, apparently, of the writing of certain poems. This, characteristically enough, he failed to do, for task work was abhorrent to him. When the minister fell into disgrace, our neglectful poet showed considerable moral courage by inditing epistles in verse beseeching for him the clemency of the king. He even shared his patron's exile. But if one door shut, another opened, and throughout a long life La Fontaine was never to be without powerful protectors and friends. In the house of one great lady he was destined to find a home for some twenty years. Moreover, he had become a member of a group of famous writers which included Boileau, Racine and Molière. With these eminent men he lived in lifelong affection, for, although an inconstant lover, he yet possessed a genius for friendship. In their congenial company the sunny nature of La Fontaine opened like a flower. Awkward and distrait in general society—reserving, like Goldsmith, his grace and wit for literary purposes—with them he was neither silent nor aloof. In addition he was steadily at work on that collection of *Contes*, drawn from various sources, which was soon to secure him so large and so various an audience. These poems were read first by their author in the fashionable drawing-rooms he frequented, to a circle feminine and cultured, but certainly far from squeamish. Several volumes of such tales were published at various dates, and were widely enjoyed, for there was that in them to gratify every taste. La Fontaine deprecated the scandal, and excused his audacities, by suggesting that these latter were essential to a short story. Certainly such qualities were explicit enough in the old French and Italian authors from whom he derived. But who could resist stories told with such gaiety, with such measure, economy and grace. A trifle heavy they might seem in getting under weigh, but, once started, how smoothly the ship proceeded on its voyage, and with what distinction it cast anchor in the destined port. The ease of the versification is as remarkable as the conduct of the narrative. The rhythm has nothing of the stiff formality we associate with its period, but is modern in its freedom and movement, the metre varying with the theme and with the emotion expressed.

Astonishing as is the volume entitled "Contes et Nouvelles," it yet does not constitute its author's true title to immortality, and this is convincing testimony to his poetic genius. That distinction is reserved for the famous "Fables." It seems odd that the debonair narrator of salacious stories should have produced as his masterpiece a book of fables which all French children learn from their mothers' lips—a book which furnishes the language with a fund of proverbs, and is not only the delight of childhood, but of the most sophisticated old age. These short swallow-flights of narrative suited exactly La Fontaine's genius. They are exquisitely finished with the art that removes all traces of labour, for, indolent in everything else, he applied a sensitive conscience to poetry rather than to life. A wide vocabulary, enriched and coloured by intimacy with mediæval French literature, increases the pleasure of any reader of these familiar apologues. La Fontaine made no pretence of originality, but took his goods as he found them, and just as he had laid Rabelais and Boccaccio under contribution for his narratives, so for his fables he returned to Æsop himself.

These incomparable poems rightly procured La Fontaine the honour of admission to the Academy. Louis the 14th, in the unaccustomed rôle of moralist, postponed his reception. The king appreciated neither "the ridiculous trifles" of Teniers, nor those of La Fontaine, and only assented to his admission on the feather-head formally promising to be *sage*. The leopard cannot change his spots, and the discretion of the fabulist's old age strongly resembled the wild oats of another's youth. But he piously censured the narratives which had scandalised so many, and died on April 13th, 1695, quite peacefully, supported by the consolations of the religion he had never denied. "Do not worry him," said the nurse to the priest who did his duty with a fine excess, "do not worry him; he is only a child." This youngster of a larger growth died at the ripe age of seventy-three years. He was a genius who never grew up; and if his sins were those of a man, his heart was that of a child.

XUM

New Books.

THE IMPOTENCE OF MAN.*

Let me begin by saying that I am one of Mr. Wells's most sincere admirers; that I have read everything of his I could find since the day I encountered an article called "The Subtle Examinee" in an educational paper he has doubtless long since forgotten; that the present volume is as rich as any former work of his in vigour, vision and valiance; and that no person can be called sane or intelligent who has not reflected seriously on the questions it raises. That premised, I will then confess that I have read these exhortations and admonitions with a sense of their appalling futility. Who will be the better for a single page of them? The author himself, I hope, in purse and conscience; but who else? I look out of my high tenement window at the long stretch of the river sweeping away into the distance and I seem to see in the foreground Mr. Wells standing on the bridge and passionately pouring bottle after bottle of Richebourg into the unheeding and unmitigated waters. The wisdom of Mr. Wells is of as rich a vintage as the wine; but the flood carries it all away, and not a trace of its virtue remains. It is not Mr. Wells who is wrong; it is we who are incorrigible and unteachable. What has mankind ever learned from anybody or anything since the first syllable of recorded time? We have had royal reformers like Ahknaton, royal visionaries like Buddha, we have had Plato and Aristotle and Moses and the Prophets. Saints and martyrs have testified and died, and they have died in vain; for if a new Joan of Arc arose we should do to her to-day whatever is the modern equivalent to roasting her alive, with Church and State consenting unto her death. The nineteenth century, the century of our fathers, was thick with prophecy and warning, some of which is read (for its prose style) even unto this day; and in our own time we have had not only prophecy and warning, but awful and shattering example. We have lived through the horrors of warfare, material and spiritual, visible and invisible. We have seen the utter failure of all human government, all forms of diplomacy, all names and varieties of leadership. Wide as the world we have seen inscribed in letters of blood and fire the condemnation of all our polities. We have seen and known all that; and can anyone show me a single point in which mankind has profited by the lesson of its unchallengeable, stupendous failure? Can anyone show me a single respect in which this country is the better for the war? Neither Mr. Wells nor anybody else can do anything for a race that shuts its eyes and stops its ears and deliberately seeks its own damnation.

Mr. Wells enlarges here upon the enormous increase in man's power over material things. What seems to me the world's central tragedy is not the power of man but the impotence of man, the pitiful, desolating impotence of man. Consider. How many people wanted the war? How many people really wanted cities destroyed, culture annihilated, men blinded, maimed, blown to pieces, poisoned with gas, sucked down to a horrible death in liquid mud—all this, and more, for the space of several years. The world's millions did not want any of this vileness, but, millions as they were, they could neither prevent its beginning nor stop its progress. How many people in England really want to see Ireland the shameful spectacle of treason that prospers and treason that doesn't, of slaughter and counter-slaughter, of murder and destruction wantonly committed by national fanatics, and murder and destruction deliberately committed by authority in your name and mine? The majority of us want nothing of the sort, and yet we are powerless to prevent it or stop it. How many people really want the abominable traffic in old horses to continue? Are we not, all of us, sick with shame and horror at its malignant wickedness? Yet we cannot stop it. A long procession of tortured animals crawls on before our protesting and helpless eyes, and we can do nothing. That is what I mean by the impotence of man. The world's history is the record of little else. The woes of the world are caused, not by any implacable deity or blind natural forces, but by man's own impotence before man's own vileness. Man has conquered much. He can soar above the clouds and travel beneath the waters; but he has never conquered his own enslaving spirit of wickedness and boundless stupidity.

Mr. Wells has an interesting proposal here for a new "Bible of Civilisation," and I hope some publisher has already commissioned him to prepare it. I hope—but I pause and ask, What is the use? What good has the old Bible been to us? We made a fetish of it, and a book of magic, and a code of justification for all sorts of iniquity. It is an old Bible, but it contains a new Testament. Open it almost anywhere and you read such sentences as these:

"He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone."

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

"On earth, peace, good will towards men."

Even in the old Bible we find "Thou shalt not steal" and "Thou shalt not kill." What more can any new Bible tell us? Are not all these sayings still extant and still valid? Yet what effect have they on the deeds we do or permit to be done in our name?

In the old Bible you may read the story of Dives and Lazarus—of the rich man in hell and the poor man in Abraham's bosom. That story certainly needs re-writing, for Dives has now become Super-Dives, and has bought up heaven as he buys up governments and newspapers—as he buys truth to suppress and falsehood to disseminate. Dives is master of the world, and—this is the whole point—he always has been master of the world, whether called Great King in Persia, Great Mogul in India, Grand Monarque in France, Great Railway King in America, or Great Shipowner in England. Millionaire is only monarch in modern spelling. The one difference between old times and ours is not in our favour. Anciently Dives had duties as well as riches; now he has only rights and privileges. Once we set up an idol called Moloch and offered our children to it; now we call the idol Economic Law and sacrifice our children just as zealously.

Such is the outline of human history as I see it, and I ask the author of "The Outline of History" to say plainly whether the story told in that book encourages him to hope much from the warnings contained in this one? He may talk as wisely as he will about constructive patriotism; the patriots of destruction will always be able to shout him down. The one central, persistent fact of history is that it is more profitable to be a destroyer than a creator, and there is, at the moment, not the least indication that the story will ever be different. So we must consider, each as we will, whether it is better to hope for a new direction in human evolution, or to wait for some kindly comet to blot out for ever this whirling speck of iniquity that sullies the vast purity of space.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "The Salvaging of Civilization." By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

AN ACADEMY AND A HALF.*

Disparaging things were said the other day in oracular quarters concerning "books about books," but they left the question much as it was before. Whether these satisfy the utilitarian purpose or not, or fail to raise the spirits of

* "Authors and I." By C. Lewis Hind. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

dejected deans, they certainly answer to a definite demand, and that is for writing which shall bring us down from what Scott called " the big bow-wow style " to the level of pipes and gossip. Even serious-minded men do well to remember that we are not always equal to the organ strains of Milton or the sphere-music of Shelley ; and it is in the other mood, when we are like the vicar and " tired of being always wise," that we can best appreciate the lighter fare of good conversation about the authors of our choice. It is in this vein of relaxation that Mr. Lewis Hind has written these chapters of recollection concerning authors he has known with more or less intimacy since the seven interesting years when he used to edit the *Academy*. It would be hard to single out the writers of his predilection ; he has none apparently. Impersonal he can hardly be in a book which tells you his private adventures among some sixty authors and their works, but he comes as near impartiality as possible, and clinches the effect by giving them a chapter apiece arranged in the order of their initials, from Henry Adams to W. B. Yeats. Then and not till then Mr. Hind reveals what collectors call the " provenance " of the book. It was written in weekly chapters for the book page of an American paper, and because he was three thousand miles away from his own stock of books, he drew on the resources of local public libraries and found them equal to the strain, wherever he was. Think of a man having the " complete works " of a given author dumped down upon his mat at call and a slight expense, and you will wonder why critics in the States refrain from writing a causerie on some unfortunate author every week for recreation.

The point is that few of them could give the reader, as Mr. Hind does, the sense of contact. It cannot be said that any of the things he tells us about these sixty immortals will prompt their biographers to cancel what they have written or begin revising. But when he writes of the stiffness and aloofness of Stephen Phillips (" like a Roman emperor on a coin "), or recalls the first platform performances of G. B. S. (a " Pan-like, mustardy-grey figure . . . lanky, springing, alert, penetrating, but never angry ") he does etch us a portrait in a few satisfying touches and brings back the zest and wonder of our London of a generation or more ago. Sometimes one wonders whether the unexpectedness he occasionally achieves is the result of uncertainty in his material so much as an absence of proportion, or whether an author's fate is to go short of Mr. Hind's approval according to the measure with which he has attained success. Thus we get Mr. Kipling drawn as a " prowler about the streets " ; Sir J. M. Barrie " crept about the purlieus " of a tea-party ; and Mr. Conrad dug his hands in the sands of Hythe while he talked broken English about the English he would some day glorify. It is not ungracious, perhaps, to say that looking back upon so many light, allusive, anecdotal passages, one of the best is Mr. Hind's account of himself as an author, or rather his first amusing venture into print in covers. So his title is not without a certain sparkle in the " I."

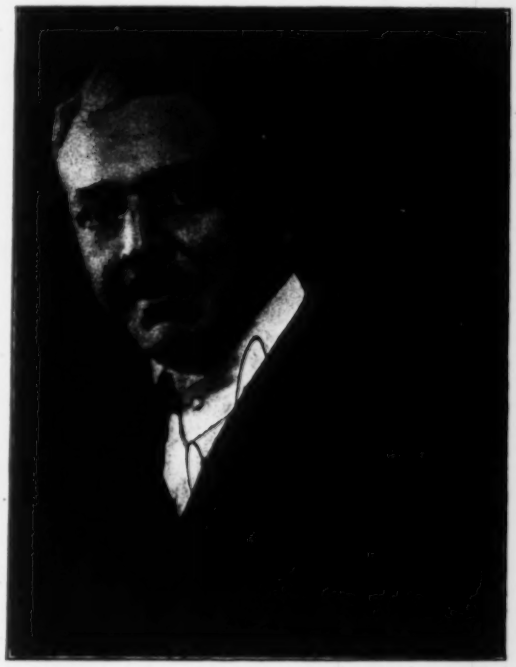
J. P. C.

WOMEN'S WAYS.*

A novel by Miss Macaulay is always an event, though sometimes rather a tantalising event. One opens one of her books with a certainty of finding a number of witty and telling phrases which make one chuckle ; one is apt to put it down with the feeling that the author is capable of more than phrases and has let her skill in them lead her away. It is therefore a great pleasure to find this apprehension unjustified in " Dangerous Ages."[1] The witty turns are there and give a sudden and unexpected tang to the end of a chapter or an episode. But the author is not so much occupied with them as with her subject, which is as it should be. The theme of the story is a study of what a particular group of people grading up to and over middle age are making of life. The most obviously middle-aged—the mother of married daughters—is making a very poor thing of it. She whines incessantly at the past for being past, and at every one to come and help her carry the burden of her life. Grandmother has made a fair thing of it, at least carrying her own burden and retaining tolerance for the small absurdities of mankind. The granddaughter who renounces marriage makes a serene and helpful thing of it. (Miss Macaulay appears to have a secret, unexpressed " down " on marriage.) The other sister, who can neither make her mind up to marry or to reject marriage, makes a misfit of it. The fidelity of the faithful lover she had decided to settle down with suddenly uses up, and he falls in love with her niece. The main figure of the story, Neville, the mother of this said niece, determines at any rate not to let her mind go to seed like her own mother's, strives hard to recover the intellectual interests of her youth, finds her intellectual energy gone, and realises that as her time has been given to the service of others, the service of others will be her job to the end. There are curious lacunæ in Miss Macaulay's perceptions here. It does not seem to occur to her that the husband of a middle-aged woman will probably also be middle-aged and in need of her help in facing the grey close of life. But, taken as a whole, " Dangerous Ages " is masterly, provided it is considered as a study of character and not as a story.

There is always a place, we imagine, for the totally, delightfully improbable. And every girl who ever indulged in day-dreaming has probably seen herself as a counterpart of Jenny (" The Garment of Gold "[2]), full of innocent fun, no harm in her, marvellously beautiful and able to take the town by storm with her singing, without, so far as one can make out, practising a single scale. Is she short of money in London ? Behold, her childhood's friend and lover sends her £5 surreptitiously through the post. Is she kidnapped and made to sing in a café chantant in Paris ? Her long-lost father turns up, hears her sing " Home, Sweet Home," and promptly rescues her. And just as you are beginning to fear that the stage may take her away from the same childhood's lover, her constitution gives way, the doctor forbids any more singing and so all ends in wedding bells. The childhood's lover, by the way, is the local vicar. It is all very harmless and ten thousand miles away from anything like life.

* [1] " Dangerous Ages." By Rose Macaulay. 8s. 6d. (Collins.) —[2] " The Garment of Gold." By Oliver Sandys. 8s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)—[3] " The Glorious Hope." By Jane Burr. 8s. 6d. (Duckworth.)—[4] " The Great Way." By Horace Fish. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)



Mr. John Russell,

whose brilliant short stories, "Where the Pavement Ends" (Thornton Butterworth), went into a second edition the day of publication and is now in its fourth.

Some of the books that come to us from America incline us to wonder whether there is in that country any conception of artistic success. Story after story reaches us of which the only criterion of success in any field is dollars. It would seem to bear out the ill-natured portrayal of the United States as incapable of assessing matters any other way. This financial foot-rule is what spoils " The Glorious Hope."[3] It begins well. The portrait of the shy, precise, well brought up, fastidious Eve, plunged suddenly into a world assiduously and rather vulgarly Bohemian, kind, comradely, and very preoccupied with its work, is well described. So are the relations of Eve with her husband Stanley. They love each other, they believe in each other, and they have a quite disastrous effect on each other. Stanley gets in the habit of discussing with his wife what he is going to do and paint instead of painting it. He finds himself relying on her to see him through a tight place instead of making the necessary effort to get himself out. And she gets so disheartened with the constant and useless effort to keep him going that she loses all capacity for original work of her own. So she runs away from him and sets up a typewriting office. From typewriting she takes to producing plays, and here the money begins to pour in with a fatiguing profusion that makes it nearly impossible to take any real interest in Eve any more. She is wooed and won by a rather featureless " good husband," and she comes across Stanley, whom she has divorced in the meantime, married to an adoring, philoprogenitive, little Frenchwoman, who neither understands nor appreciates his art (he is still a painter), but, secure in the conviction that he is perfectly wonderful, proceeds to provide a family for him to provide for. In an instant the old situation reproduces itself. They adore each other, and at once they begin to quarrel. At once Stanley begins to say, " I have worked enough. You are the only woman that really interests me. Let us go away together." Eve, on her side, finds herself getting absorbed in him and bolts in absolute terror. All this is well studied and well told. But the monotonous and unvaried course of the theatrical successes of Eve and her friends, all of whom are geniuses and all of whom get immediately rich, is frankly rather wearisome and sordid.

" The Great Way "[4] is in many ways a remarkable book. It would be a better one if the author had never heard of Henry James, for he writes his elaborate, overloaded sentences and makes at times very laborious reading. The story is of a street girl who suddenly falls in love with one of her customers and realises she has been " trafficking in God." The lover leaves her, but she makes up her mind never to frequent the " Trudge market," as she calls it, again, but to pay her debt to " society " in some more honest work. In the end she becomes an opera-singer of the pre-eminence novel heroines always achieve, cherishing in her heart a hope that she may meet her " caballero of the moon " again. When she does she finds him married to a girl who had befriended her. The story would have been better if it had ended here. There follows a rather incoherent interview at the top of a mountain, whither she had gone to kill herself. In spite of a good deal of incoherent writing and some uncertainty of aim, " The Great Way " must be considered as well worth reading with a little judicious skipping. There are several remarkable scenes in it. The greatest weakness is the want of unity between the gaily mendacious little *cocotte* of the beginning and the great artist later in the book. The character is not continuously conceived.

L. MASTERMAN.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Mr. Gosse abridging himself to the severe limits of a weekly newspaper column is a spectacle to be compared with the spectacle of a good man struggling with adversity ; and it is the chief praise of his latest volume, " Books on the Table,"* that signs of the struggle are abundant. A writer of small knowledge, vague opinions, faint preferences and few antipathies would find little hardship in the weekly restriction, nor would his readers have cause to lament it ; but Mr. Gosse must have fretted, and I know he has given readers cause to lament. Pigmy children of the pen, is his phrase for these forty ten-minute sermons, and there is a touch of humour in the phrase which forbids your regarding it as part of an apology. Such a succession of papers on current literature is an approximation to a critical record of the literary movement in which we are unconsciously involved, and thus may have a real value for those who wish to notice the way of the wind, as well as for those who merely want to know what the critic thinks of Mrs. Asquith's reminiscences, or Mr. Maurice Hewlett's essays. But it cannot be more than a very inadequate record, since many of the subjects are too large for a single hasty column, and Mr. Gosse is always too full a writer to be exhausted in a single column. Thus his article on Mr. Doughty's " Mansoul " is the beginning of a useful study of a singular, powerful and irregular genius ; but had he " but space enough and time " Mr. Gosse might have made it much more than a beginning and shewn the significance of this poet's deliberate rejection of the poetical achievement of three centuries, and his return to Spenser and Chaucer as masters of a simpler and larger movement than the post-Victorian. What he says of Mr. Doughty's faults is worth saying and worth discussing, but so much is left unsaid that is at least as well worth saying that I nourish the warmest resentment against the editor of the *Sunday Times* who has robbed me of the chance of hearing Mr. Gosse upon the less obvious aspects of our only English epic poet of modern times.

It is precisely because he says his little so well that I wish him to say it more fully. The long, yet incomplete, list of critical and biographical works which is printed in this volume, and my own remembrance of reading some of them twenty years ago, form a reminder of the breadth of his literary interests and his union of sensitiveness with knowledge ; and one other work, " Father and Son," is a reminder of the humanity of his interests, that book being a singularly happy addition to the too-meagre literature of autobiography in the English tongue. And the dedication of the present volume to Mr. George Moore, his " friend of forty years," is a reminder once again that Edmund Gosse's concern has not been merely with ancient eminences but also with contemporary spirits ; and just as he has touched other literatures than English, so he has touched other periods than the past, and does not live an alien in his own time and country. Excellently, then, is he equipped for this weekly chronicling of literary innovations and revisitings, but no less complete is his equipment for a harder and higher task. Hence I grudge his enlistment in the sabbatical combat for space with football and society news, and would fain see him chronicling the æsthetic current on a larger scale.

It is the admitted, the boasted vice of daily and weekly journalism that it is prompt and provisional in its news : prompt, that is, to give " news " of things which themselves cannot possibly be considered hastily, and provisional, therefore, in contriving judgments which will scarce endure until the next Sunday. During the war, I think, Mr. Gosse was enabled to make use of a better way, by means of articles contributed to a quarterly review, and although those articles did not in themselves form such a critical chronicle as I am deploring the lack of, they pointed to the right method. We are still told of an absence of standards in literary criticism ; and I do not see how the charge can be rebutted as long as opportunities of consistent criticism are denied to our best critics. The pressure of time is a relatively small evil arising from breathless weekly publication ; more serious is the fact that the inevitable practice of treating one book alone in an article precludes the possible treatment of several books in their relation to one another. How usefully, and how delightfully, might the article on Clough, for example, be expanded with such references, comparisons, and comprehensions as Mr. Gosse is easily able to provide ! Clough, isolated from his

* " Books on the Table." By Edmund Gosse, C.B. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

contemporaries, or merged into them, becomes a misleading shadow, large or small according to the method employed; and Mr. Gosse, choosing a middle between these extremes of isolation and confusion, succeeds well enough to make you want larger fruits of his choice than four pages can give you.

How much, nevertheless, can be achieved by an easy concision is shown in the article on Mr. Humphry Ward's "English Poets," an article finding room for such allusive wit as the sentence referring to the earlier volumes, "What a collection of Victorian eminence it was, and how the hoofed heel of Mr. Lytton Strachey would crush those mandarins, like chestnut-husks at the chestnut roots!" Mr. Gosse's phrasing is naturally happy, and if it is sometimes distinguished by a curiously elegant formalism of which we have lost the habit, it is more commonly distinguished by a lightness and precision beyond the reach of heedless contemporaries. There is nothing more welcome in the present volume than the article entitled "Edgar Poe and His Detractors," nothing pleasanter than that on Miss Mitford, and assuredly nothing severer than that called "A Bubble Burst"—the bubble being the amusing, soon-forgotten "works" of Miss Daisy Ashford. The light touch can be keen enough when the subject seems to Mr. Gosse insincere, or foolish, or pretentious; and the last-named article shows the exercise of that sharp critical power which is needed not only for the study of particular books and movements, but for the study also of character and personal history. Of Mr. Gosse's books of this kind I recall, in conclusion, most gratefully, the "Portraits and Sketches" of 1912; an avowal quite superfluous, perhaps, yet necessary to excuse my present complaints. It is not to slight "Books on the Table" that I sigh for more "Portraits and Sketches."

JOHN FREEMAN.

BIRDS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE.*

"One early October morning, among the pines of a Suffolk heath, their branches draped and festooned with gossamer, clustered with dewdrops like mantillas on dark hair, I met a large company of goldcrests, breaking over the trees under which I stood, in a wave of greenish foam. Bright drops of shrill sound—zee, zee, zee—fell from them in showers, and, crystallised in the sharp air, entangled themselves, it seemed, among the gossamer." This little picture, lovingly painted, is one of scores that will be found amid these happy pages. It is foolish to write of birds unless you love them, and Mr. Massingham not only loves, but adores. He carries in his mind a thousand beautiful memories of songsters as he has seen them. Here is one, written of a flycatcher, sitting on the tip of a tall decayed larch:

> "The effect was wonderful beyond any tale of it, for the bird seemed like a globe of dew, suffused with light. Here was an aged and dying tree surrendering its soul to heaven in a ball of liquid light. . . ."

Again:

> "The meadow pipits ring their fugitive elfin bells; the robins' thin silver spears of melody pierce the mirk . . . the tawny owls cry like the night wind in the rigging . . . the wren gives us his sweet-running precise phrase."

And, speaking of the lark's song at the opening of the year, he heard it

> "as early as the 16th of a very mild January, gushing down upon the earth 'where men sit and hear each other groan,' in a shower of golden rain, rustling down and splashing . . ."

Our author goes on in a fit of confiding frankness, to wonder why our conception of angels is that of "inane débutantes in nightgowns, with wings growing out of two slits in them"; having observed that neither a lark or its song seem of this world. "Bird-Haunted London" is, perhaps, one of the best sections of this fascinating volume. "For me, a blue and a great tit feeding from a coconut by my window animated the universe into a living *thou*." The story of the pair of blue tits which nested in a suburban garden in 1920, might be lifted straight out of this book and put into an anthology of modern prose; so perfect is it in its sympathy and accuracy. "I could never understand how the young became aware of one of their parents' visits before he or she went into the nest. But they invariably began clamouring in muffled silvery chorus as soon as he or she alighted, whether on top of the box or on a twig within a foot of it. . . . Could they have heard the foot alighting, or the wings beating?"

This is a picturesque book, full of enthusiasm and full of knowledge, written by a poet.

* "Some Birds of the Country-side: The Art of Nature." By H. J. Massingham. 12s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

TWO NEW BOOKS FROM TAGORE.*

Rabindranath Tagore's new novel reads as if it had been expressly written for the West. Indian festivals and habits, with which the ordinary Englishman or American is not likely to be acquainted, are explained in the body of the work, whenever reference to one of them first occurs. This method is much to be preferred to that of encumbering a work of fiction with foot-notes. The translator has certainly done his work well in that respect. I say the translator, for although no mention of the fact is made on the title page or elsewhere, the novel was not originally written in English by Rabindranath, but was translated from the Bengali. That fact is patent without exposition. Anyone familiar with Rabindranath's style finds it difficult to reconcile the English slang and colloquialisms in conversation between Bengali characters, liberally sprinkled through the book, with the dignified English of the poet's previous works.

The scene is laid in Bengal. The story is woven around a love affair between a young Hindu studying at Calcutta and an Indian girl, the daughter of a Brahmo (a protestant Hindu) and sister of his college friend. He is married against his will by his orthodox Hindu father to a girl whose face he never sees. Immediately after the wedding ceremony the party embark in boats to go to the bridegroom's home up-river. There is a sudden storm, a wreck, and he is cast upon the shore along with a girl dressed in bridal attire who later turns out to be, in reality, another man's bride. His struggle to tear himself free from the net that circumstance weaves about him, and the little bride's efforts to find her real husband, make interesting reading.

In telling this tale Rabindranath gives the Western reader glimpses into the transitional Hindu life of to-day. His characters are typical of their kind—the highly-educated Brahmo girl; the hero, with his modern tendencies, unable to express himself because of the strangling grip of old traditions; the orthodox Hindu woman who left her husband rather than lose her caste, and yet who, for her son's sake, inspired by the wisdom of riper years, is willing to have him marry a member of a Brahmo Samaj family; the spirited girl-bride, thrown by a trick of fate into the hero's arms; the faithful servant—all are drawn by a master-craftsman who knows his Bengal and who knows also how to tell a story.

The book deserves to be read if for no other reason than for the exceedingly pleasant manner in which it enables one to study the effect of Western education upon Eastern womanhood. Rabindranath puts these words in the mouth of one of his characters in order to sum up the arguments used by old-fashioned people to prove the undesirability of educating women:

> "The masculine intellect is like a sword and . . . even without a keen edge its weight makes it a formidable weapon, while woman's wit is like a penknife—sharpen it as you will it is capable of no serious task."

Another character dwells upon the evils which "come of letting girls read English novels," and declares that such girls insist upon love-matches instead of gracefully accepting

* "The Wreck." By Rabindranath Tagore. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Glimpses of Bengal." By Rabindranath Tagore. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

the grooms chosen for them. The author, however, gives a character to his English-educated heroine which should convert the most confirmed opponents of such education.

Rabindranath's second work, simultaneously published with "The Wreck," gives additional glimpses into life in Bengal. To my mind it serves a still more useful purpose by giving an insight into the innermost feelings and thoughts of the author himself. The pages are instinct with love for Bengal.

"Many look down on Bengal," Rabindranath writes, "as being only a flat country, but that is just what makes me revel in its scenery all the more." To him, its "unobstructed sky is filled to the brim, like an amethyst cup, with the descending twilight and peace of the evening; and the golden skirt of the still noonday spreads over it without let or hindrance."

Bengal is so necessary to Rabindranath's life, thought and work, I fancy, that he cannot be long away from it and be happy—he is like an exotic flower that droops when it is transplanted from its native clime. That was the impression I derived from a conversation I had with him recently on the eve of his departure from this country—an impression which this book confirms. It is, he writes, his "greatest fear" that he should be "reborn in Europe." There, he says, he could not recline with his "whole being laid open to the infinite above." Indeed, he would be liable "to be soundly rated for lying down at all." And he muses: "I should probably have been hustling strenuously in some factory or bank, or parliament. Like the roads there, one's mind has to be stone-metalled for heavy traffic—geometrically laid out, and kept clear and regulated." The lazy, "dreamy, self-absorbed, sky-filled state of mind" seems to him "the more desirable." He "feels no whit inferior to the busiest men of the world" as he lies in his jolly-boat, whereas had he girded up his loins to be strenuous he "might have seemed ever so feeble compared with those chips of old oaken blocks."

In many ways I like "Glimpses of Bengal" better than anything Tagore has recently produced. Being letters written to friends, there is a spontaneity about them, an utter lack of self-consciousness that perhaps is not found in more formal works.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

WAYFARERS IN ARCADY.*

Twenty-five prose-pictures and a poem form Mr. Charles Vince's new book, "Wayfarers in Arcady." That they are written daintily and in charming English goes without saying, for Mr. Vince is a craftsman. Yet I confess that some of his pages disappoint me just a little. His description is sometimes greater than his narration. One takes up his "Street of Faces" and is again struck by the *completeness*, the masterly finish of each paper. It is there that there is something lacking in his "Wayfarers." If I am hypercritical it is because I know of what Mr. Vince is capable, and I am confident that he has yet better things in store for us.

But this is by way of comparison. In the "Wayfarers" there is much that is beautiful and graceful. I like particularly "Windows" and "The Old Man and Death." And in "The Seafarer of the Downs" there is a very kindly note.

Mr. Vince is a lover of Nature, and if he has here and there failed to convey all that he would wish of Nature's infinite charm, it is rather because of the greatness of his subject than the littleness of his powers. For he has a great heart, and is not ashamed to let its beats be heard.

I have singled out "The Old Man and Death" because there is a dignity in its very simplicity and a great sympathy lies behind the printed words. Let me tell a little story, even if it be outside the scope of a critique; it shows the man: One day he and I were together in a corner of France. It was a hellish corner, where the very earth seemed to reel under the shock of bombardment. Near us lay a maimed fragment of humanity, horribly wounded, but still conscious. There was nothing to be done for him—or so it seemed. Vince took a cigarette from his pocket, lighted it, stooped and placed it between the poor blue lips. The man could not speak, but he *smiled*, and as Vince rose his eyes were shining. There were a dozen of us there, but only one of us understood . . . I did not talk much as we made our way back.

The book is published by Philip Allan and so produced that it is a pleasure to handle it.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

* "Wayfarers in Arcady." By Charles Vince. 7s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)

DEATH IN POETRY.

On a night when sundry poems now before me were stirring my critical faculty I went to sleep planning amusement. Suddenly I felt a wind from the spaces outside my house penetrate the bed where I lay and cause the bedclothes to tremble like the sails of a ship. While this trembling continued I and this wind seemed the only positively live beings in the world, except a fear which I kept at bay. My mind strained as against a web of delusion, and I woke into a profound stillness, remembering a "posthumous" poem by one who died in my presence—a poem about the "Cold Wind" of death. This occult experience deepened my affection for that class of myth in which Death, or Death's Master, figures as a person to whom grief can appeal. Not only is Orpheus, unclenching the eerie hand of Pluto by music's charm, admired by all artists, but even the dread potentate of Hades acquires the merit of a mirror in which Art can see its own excellence. In brief, Pluto is one of "the public," if the Orphic myth be true, and as one of the public may be played to, sung to, "catered for," and induced to reward people for artistic treats. But cease to personify death, affirm with Miss Charlotte Mew[1]

> ". . . it is only in our dream
> The things that kill us live,"

and who is there to play to when Eurydice has vanished? One cannot play to a nothing like a hole in a wall, a crack in a fortress, or, with much sense of an audience, to a viewless wind. Therefore I say distinctly that I love the legend of Pluto with his musical ear and Orpheus with his musical genius, and demand much of poetry which appropriates it. Hereat enter Mr. Laurence Housman[1] with a lyrical drama in which Orpheus is opposed to Bacchantes, and the commonly accepted account of Eurydice's death is altered in order, apparently, to strengthen the effect of the work as an illustration of the antagonism between the lust for excitement and the wish for static harmony.

Mr. Housman's versification is smooth and eloquent, as witness the pagan question:

> "Who knows if the dead have a mind
> In the land where all is dearth?"

The persistence of the voice of Orpheus, after his physical death, struck by thyrsus and vine-stems, produces a sublime effect, but Mr. Housman, though a skilful and readable artist, has not produced a play at all equal in vitality to, say, John Davidson's "Scaramouch in Naxos," in which the genius of Bacchus glows like wine of immortality.

Mr. Harvey[2] will quite understand my preference for a personal to an abstract Death, for, if death be considered as an operating nothing, like a hole which lets out fluid, of what avail can it be for Mr. Harvey to mock Death as a "scyther of flowers" or an "insolent" envier of "sweet breath"? His "Farewell" is not a collection in which one inevitably alights on treasure, yet it shows a fine and versatile mind. A song of contempt for himself and others who "set our heart on things" suggests that his expressed dissatisfaction with the pecuniary results of verse will not

[1] "The Death of Orpheus." By Laurence Housman. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[2] "Farewell." By F. W. Harvey. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

de-poetise him. He is philosophical, fanciful, and what is colloquially termed homely. His variety of moods is illustrated by the fact that two consecutive pages, side by side, inform us (*a*) that the dumplings chewed by John Helps "wer made vrom honest apples," and (*b*) that "the sting of Beauty failing not with breath" shall not break "at the prick of Death."

It is rather curious to find studiously graceful prose—prose suggestive of a performance upon an artificial instrument—serving as a preface to *vers libres* of which the typographical effect is that of pillars sawn blindly through from top to bottom! However, Miss Everett[3] is not only a worshipper of Italy, but has a rare faculty for word-painting. She also contrives to let us peep (as it were) through aspen leaves at old crimes, the strangling of a wife, a judicial burning, the assassination of a child. One does not find all the clarity of expression one looks for in the absence of melody and rhyme, but more than once Miss Everett exhales the breath of poetry.

In the author of "The Colour Octave"[4] compassion works as a kind of Muse. Thus, the subject of Chinese infanticide is treated with affecting pathos from a mother's viewpoint, and a tragic puncture in a second-hand girl's coat is the cause of some tearstained couplets. The title poem which defines the psychic and remedial values of colours is, technically speaking, worth no more than the jingle by which the number of days in each month is remembered in the nursery.

It is natural to give Death a rest in reviewing "Pipes and Tabors,"[5] for a few war poems do not make this volume essentially a sad or heavy work. Here is a sample from a charming poem on the cuckoo:

> "Now where's the bard that it would irk
> To eat his meal and not to work?
> And it's prodigiously worth while
> To have an individual style."

Mr. Chalmers is more than a typical writer of *vers de société*. Poems like "At Melgund" (with its sinister suggestion of transmigration) and "The Visionary" (an imaginative interpretation of a goat) are proofs of poetic depth. One cannot imagine Mr. Chalmers amusing himself like the late Mr. Locker-Lampson in burlesquing the distress of an impecunious fellow creature from the vantage ground of aristocratic prosperity.

If I were a magician my last paragraph should be printed in gold, for the new and enlarged edition of Miss Charlotte Mew's book has revealed to me a poet of astonishing dexterity, subtlety and power. No minor poet this, if we accept a consummate blending of the qualities of novelist, painter and singer as the work of some one higher. Death, unhappiness and irony have supplied a considerable proportion of the raw material for this slim volume. It sings neither for prophet nor philosopher, for the singer seems involved in the obscurities of this world's lights and shadows. But I salute her as an admirable artist.

W. H. CHESSON.

EDWARD BOK*

It is a truism that every man has it in him to write one good book; but not many have it in them to write one such as this. "I cannot think of any book," says Lord Northcliffe, in his Introduction, "which I should recommend people to read for so many and such different reasons"; and he rightly describes it as an autobiography of exceptional charm; a foot-note to recent American history and the lives of many famous Americans; a tale of romantic adventure; and an inspiring guide especially for young men who are on the threshold of a business career.

For no man ever sat down to the game of life with fewer points in his favour. When Mr. Bok was taken to America, as a child, his family had fallen into straitened circumstances and he could not even speak the language of his adopted country. Before he was thirteen he left school and began to contribute to the home exchequer by selling ice water on street cars and cleaning shop windows; yet within four years, by sheer energy and hard work, he had lifted himself out of that condition, and won the interest and friendship of some of the most famous men of the time; and before he was thirty he had risen from a small post in a great publishing concern and was editing *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which soon became under his control the most popular and influential women's magazine in the world. He puts into his writing the mingled modesty and self-confidence that he put into his work, and makes it clear that he succeeded not by finding any royal road to success, but by giving all his heart to everything he set out to do and making a pleasure of his business. You have the whole secret of his triumph in the stimulating, worldly-wise chapter on "The Chances for Success." But there was very little chance about it; "luck obeys the down-right striker"—he knew the goal he wanted to reach and was determined to reach it and, not by climbing back-stairs or sacrificing any of his ideals, but by his own courageous enterprise and force of character he duly arrived. The story of how he used his power is as good reading as the story of how he obtained it. And it is further evidence of the strength of his character that when he was at the zenith of his career, having achieved fortune as well as fame, he deliberately relinquished his position, stepped aside to make way for younger men, and retired from his journalistic office to devote himself to social and political services.

Incidentally, his professional duties had brought him into contact with many men, English and American, famous in literature, politics, finance and general society, and he scatters through his pages new and delightful anecdotes of Stevenson, Kipling, Gladstone, Longfellow, Emerson, Roosevelt, Ward Beecher, Jay Gould, and others who were giants in their day. For its wealth of reminiscence, its sound business advice, its shrewd common-sense philosophy, its revelation of a remarkable personality and the deep human interest of its narrative, this book of Edward Bok's is at once a source of entertainment and of the best good counsel. It is, in a word, to quote Lord Northcliffe again, "*the* autobiography of our time."

F. H.

[3] "The Hills of Arcetri." By Leolyn Louise Everett. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

[4] "The Colour Octave and Other Poems." By M. M. Prendergast. 3s. 6d. (Erskine MacDonald.)

[5] "Pipes and Tabors." By Patrick R. Chalmers. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

[6] "The Farmer's Bride." By Charlotte Mew. 4s. net. (The Poetry Bookshop.)

* "Edward Bok." An Autobiography. Introduction by Lord Northcliffe. Illustrated. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

LETTERS TO ISABEL.*

A racy and delightful book of reminiscence, written in the form of letters to a beloved daughter. Lord Shaw was brought up by a very wise and far-seeing Scottish mother who, from a humble home, sent him to study law. ("She chose.") As every one knows, he now occupies one of the highest judicial positions. The story of his wonderful success is passed over with careful modesty, but we get glimpses of the various stages in his brilliant career, and hints of the mighty power of concentration which brought him his great reward.

Of course Lord Shaw has met most people worth knowing. On the second page of his most readable book we have a winning letter from General Smuts, on leaving England. Smuts says, prophetically enough:

> "Our worn-out nerves and temper are indeed going to be put to the severest test. I pray that God may not leave the poor erring tribes of men to their own devices."

There are several stirring remembrances of Gladstone. Coming into the House of Commons:

> "Well, there he was, entering with a dignified, sure, but rather swift step, very calm and serene, but with a searching eye of fire."

* "Letters to Isabel." By Lord Shaw of Dunfermline. 21s. (Cassell.)

XUM

Then there is an excellent account, taken from notes made the next day, of Gladstone's conversation at an Edinburgh dinner. A pity more such talks are not taken down by the fortunate ones who participate!

Then we pass on to the time when Shaw himself entered Parliament:

"And so, behold, in the dusk of an evening of July, 1892, at the door of Abercromby Place, a cab heaped up with luggage. Within the dwelling, a grave-faced father in the nursery upstairs, kissing the children one by one, and then he enters the cab with the dear companion, and boards the train to King's Cross *en route* for Westminster."

We have allowed ourselves no space to comment on the extremely important information given here of Carnegie and his gift to the Scottish universities—new, and of deep interest. Nor can we touch on the memories of Campbell-Bannerman, and on the many other things of which Lord Shaw gossips so pleasantly. We trust our readers will read all for themselves.

MAGIA ET SUPER-MAGIA.*

The power of the Name on earth, the power of the Name in heaven, and in deeps below the earth, in the ways of the underworld, is an old myth of the doctrine, a secret of antique sanctuaries and their priestly hierarchies. The "Chaldean Magic" of Lenormant told us long years ago about the Hidden Name which was the Great Secret of Hea, that Name which compelled the gods, a word of all mastery. Much farther back than the French scholar is our old friend, Godfrey Higgins, in whose great storehouse of "Anacalypsis" there is enough and to spare about Secret Names, Ineffable Names and Names to be blotted out from under heaven; for the dreamer of Skellow Grange, by Doncaster, drew from hither and thither, from many springs and fountains. Behind Higgins there is Reuchlin, *De Verbo Mirifico*, one of a cloud of witnesses. We can read also who will in that far other and greater storehouse which is called *Sepher Ha Zohar* of the forms and modes of Tetragrammaton, on the manifest and the hidden side. I have been surfeited with these things, even to the Dead Sea fruit in the dregs and lees of "Grimorium Verum," "Albertus Parvulus," "Claviculæ Salomonis," and common chap-books of Magic sold once on the country-side in France and Germany. But from this kind of virus one does not escape easily. If I may venture so to say, it is my custom to turn down another street when Mr. Clodd is testifying in the neighbourhood; but he has taken me unawares on this matter of Magic in Names, and has set the old poison working, because there are many vistas and each may be rich in hemlock. If I have found him rather dull company, he has at least opened some of them by his chapter on "Mana" in things intangible, as, e.g. shadows, reflections—like an image in a looking-glass; in echoes, regarded as voices of the dead; above all in personal names. He has gathered from many quarters, familiar things and rarer, and it is of course *mea culpa* only if one knows too much already to experience the old ecstacies in the presence of a goodly wallet. But the things stand at their value, and Mr. Clodd—who ought to know—says that they have been a little neglected. I have found on my own part exactly that which I foresaw, free witness to the "shaping spirit of imagination" in barbarous times—and something more than this. For names have meanings, they are outward signs of an inward will and purpose, the forms of ideas, which often grow in power and value with the growth of ages. *Pace* all infidel folk-lore scholars, I hold that the name Galahad is the manifest symbol of a grace which dwells in hiddenness, and that behind Corbenic—the Sacred Castle of the Graal—lies a mystery of valid experience in all the sacraments. I speak of that which I know, as one who has changed his name in holy and glorious rites, and is thrice-born, like Taliesin, in the symbolism of Great Mysteries, as in the Confirmation of the Christian Church, as on the threshold of the sacro-saintly chivalry of the Holy City, or in *Ordo Sanctissima Roseæ et Aureæ Crucis*. And as it is now in the heights so it was and is in the deeps, Mr. Clodd being a witness unawares, for speaking of a Carib initiation he says that the candidate exchanged his name, receiving one more resonant and significant. So also the Indian mother of the old wigwam legend had something in view when she called her daughter Minnehaha—that is to say, Laughing Water.

Now, it calls to be understood that Mr. Clodd's book is written with an object, and herein is my discontent, though not as with object in writing. I have found him a dull gossip because of it, his purpose being much of the kind which we have met with from time immemorial in the *Freethinker*, the *Agnostic Journal* and lucubrations of the Rationalistic Press. Here are select theses. (1) The priest who christens a child in the Name of the Holy Trinity is a lineal descendant of the sorcerer. (2) The oil of unction postulates faith in the magical virtues of the matter of this sacrament. (3) The Eucharistic Words of Institution are the clearest possible illustration of "Mana" as word-power. On the basis of these affirmations "civilised and savage are at one," and the Sarum Missal is in the same class as the Grimoire. *Per contra*, it proves nothing to say that this or that rite of old was known under other aspects in the past that is behind Christendom. The truth which is in Christ has raised up custom and myth, so that they have become true in Him. In so far as there was any grace therein, they bear out the dictum of St. Augustine, that Christianity has been always in the world, though it was not known always under that name. So far as they were in the conduits and the shambles, they show the redeeming influence at work in Christ, unto Whom and Whose Church belongs everything handed down from of old, so only that it can be in any wise of use thereto. And because of the truth in Christ, I believe with the Sovereign Pontiff, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury and the "ten Right Reverend Bishops" of Mr. Clodd's valedictory astonishment, in the efficacy of the Name of Jesus. It has moved through the world in power for centuries and ages before the folk-lore societies came into existence, and it will remain when they have passed, or have so changed their outlook that they shall know neither themselves nor one another—as they now are. It is *gratia plena;* but if we call this grace *Magia* we do not—unless by intention—detract therefrom. From this point of view there is also *Magia Divina*, and there is a higher sense of Mana, for I know that God is on the other side of the hill and on this side also. As Baron Bunsen, in a considerable work of the past, discovered the hand of God in history, so is it to be found in folk-lore. At their best these things are not matters of opinion but of highest realisation in the sacred heart of experience. It is much truer to say that the world was made by Divine Magic than to tolerate common talk of evolution. True evolution is the progress of the soul's knowledge in God, and the Hierophant of that Mystery—*fortiter, suaviterque disponens omnia*—is *Rex Altissimus Christus*, the witness to Whom through the ages is the Holy Catholic Church, in all its pomp of rite and practice, derived from everywhere, and everywhere changed over by the tingeing spirit of God.

A. E. WAITE.

* "Magic in Names and in Other Things." By Edward Clodd. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Novel Notes.

A MARKET BUNDLE. By A. Neil Lyons. 7s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

The humour of Mr. Neil Lyons is a ripe and rare vintage; it cannot be described by comparison because it is peculiarly his own. The humour is less in his incidents than in his manner of presenting them; it is chiefly the humour of character and of his own whimsical outlook upon the motley world of men and women, or upon that side of it in which he has staked his claim. High life is not his province, but he knows common and ordinary people,

respectable and unrespectable, with an amazing intimacy and, like old Izaac with his worms, handles them as if he loved them. He does not trouble to invent a plot, for everything he touches turns to a story in his hands. And he is as much at home among village folk, rural carpenters, gardeners, pedlars, and the drifting flotsam of the countryside as among the miscellaneous Cockneys that inhabit the mean streets of London. Here, for the most part, he pictures the humours and occasionally the pathos of country life and character, with intermittent excursions to town, and gives glimpses of little episodes that arose in both places out of the late war, as in the delightful sketches of "The German from Perhaps," "Representing the Platoon" and "Private Jupp's Mission." Everything in all the stories depends on the humour and the art with which they are told; the humour is as shrewd as it is quaint and kindly and is touched elusively at times with a sense of tears; the art is exquisitely simple and effective, and both are inseparable from the personality of the author. It is not often one lights upon a book of short stories so intensely human and amusing and so fine in workmanship as are those in "A Market Bundle."

THE CUSTARD CUP. By Florence Bingham Livingston. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

You have got to be fond of "The Custard Cup"; you won't be able to resist it. It's the sort of story that will linger in your brain long after others are forgotten, so full is it of a sweet philosophy of life. Mrs. Penfold has such a royal disregard of riches, such a wonderful, unfailing way with her poor neighbours! We do not recall a book which gives a more careful picture of poverty at its lowest depths. In Mrs. Penfold's "place," which had originally been a barn, her adopted children slept in packing cases. She herself, at the end of a day of exhausting labour, enjoyed repose on an old mattress supported on three potato boxes. Apple boxes did instead of chests of drawers. Well, Mrs. Penfold is a kind of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (though quite different) in her cheery spirits. "Sometimes I think you're a fool," comments her neighbour. "You're always trying to make out you're happy when you're wretched." The gallant reply is: "I got all through being wretched for ever, Mrs. Wopple. I tried it, and there ain't nothing in it. So I give it up."

FEAR. By Patrick MacGill. 8s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Mr. Patrick MacGill has always written in the manner of a realist, and his latest novel is no exception to the rule. He is realistic now in the simple, impressive style of Defoe. The book purports to record the experiences of a young soldier in the late war who believed himself to be a coward, but who in the event proved to be very courageous in the face of danger and actual fighting. He was, in fact, only nervous in the primary sense of the word—the nervousness that is the penalty of the artistic and imaginative temperament. Probably Mr. MacGill, as a Celt and a literary artist, is relating his own mental experiences during the war, just as the incidents of his book are based on facts that came within his observation. At the beginning he rightly voices the disgust all young men feel at the behaviour of those who by excuse of their age or calling were immune from service in the war, but who, in company with foolish women, gave strident vent to safe patriotism—"doing their bit" by pointing out the path of duty to their younger brethren and urging these last to the slaughter. When Mr. MacGill deals with this subject he is pungent: "Parsons sought the Bible for texts suitable to the occasion, and stood on the altars of God preaching hatred and bitterness against the men who were shoved by the powers of an enemy country into the furnace of war. That the men who were fighting us were ordinary mortals, was forgotten. That they were in no way responsible for their doings, was forgotten. That all men were equal in the eyes of the Creator was forgotten. Racial hatred and animosty fired the voices of the preachers. . . . Hate was aroused and perpetuated and the young men went to war. The old men

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Examines in detail the attempts of those who have sought to explain the nature of English metre, and traces the progress of sounder views about our verse-structure. There are two bibliographical appendixes, with short notices of books not mentioned or discussed in the text.

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CONTENTS:—Edwards's Canons of Criticism; An Eighteenth Century Hippocrates; "Hermes" Harris; The Journeys of John Howard; "The Learned Mrs. Carter"; The Abbé Edgeworth; A Casual Causerie; Index.

The Admiral's Chair, and other Sketches and Vignettes. By J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY. 8vo. 6s. net.

A collection of Essays published during and since the war on a variety of subjects, some of the sketches being in a dialect. The author's art, "such as it is, may be regarded as of a strictly practical character." It is a sequel to "The White Riders."

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and the middle-aged, leaders secular and religious, safe in their homes, called on the youngsters to fight, urging them into conflict with their brother-men as mischievous children urge dogs to fight one another." When Mr. MacGill brings his protagonist into the actual field of war he describes of necessity many terrible things—the horrors of trench life, the dirt and the vermin, and how men die from the effects of appalling wounds. But such things need to be related and held in remembrance, for there are still those in power, and those who desire again the profits that accrue to some from a state of war, who would plunge their country back into the inferno.

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strict sense, but a true and living characterisation of the Reformer, under a number of headings summarising the distinguishing traits in his career and portraying the genius of the man with wonderful force and lucidity. The essay is one of the best we have seen. Mr. Hewat discusses further the life and labours of Willock, who held the curiously dual position of rector of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, and minister of the Church of Scotland, and was actually Moderator of the General Assembly whilst a clergyman of the Church of England. Five other makers of the Kirk—Winram, Row, Spottiswood, Douglas and Craig, are similarly discoursed upon with fine feeling and diction, and with much scholarly care. The work has entailed considerable research, and of the amount of reading which has gone to make up an unusually able and fascinating book evidence is on every page. It may be remarked that Spottiswood, in Berwickshire, the ancient patrimony of the Spottiswoods, is in process of passing out of that family's occupancy, having been held by them for fully six hundred years—an interesting link with John, the Superintendent of Lothian and Tweeddale, who set the crown on the head of the infant king, James VI.

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Dr. Hurry has already written "A History of Reading Abbey" and "The Rise and Fall of Reading Abbey," besides works on separate details of the Abbey's story, and his familiarity with his subject is evident. Occasionally, indeed, it leads him to forget that his readers may not have the story at their fingers' ends, as he has. For instance, we should like some account of "the exciting events in which John, the Chancellor, William of Longchamp, and Geoffrey, the Archbishop of York, were concerned," when a council held at the bridge over the Loddon decided to depose the Chancellor, and the bishops next day excommunicated all who had been concerned in the Archbishop's arrest. But the author's intimate knowledge enables him to give us a series of striking pictures, nor does he forget to show how heavily the hand of their religious overlord pressed upon the aspirations of the burghers of Reading after freedom and self-government. The frontispiece is a bird's-eye view of the Abbey in its original state, now reduced to a few crumbling ruins by the destruction that followed the dissolution of the monasteries and further injuries inflicted during the siege of Reading by the Roundheads in 1643, and there are many other illustrations of incidents in the history of the Abbey, the majority of them reproductions of pictures in the Art Gallery of the Reading Corporation.

Music.

THE STANDARDS OF ENGLISH MUSIC.

A TALK WITH MR. EDWARD GERMAN.

By J. P. COLLINS.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Edward German.**

IT is not easy for a music-lover to hold both his peace and his self-respect in days like these when the art of his affections is drawn so often into the welter of opinion. Some of music's devotees seem more intent on smashing other people's houses than improving their own, with the result that the field is strewn with broken glass, like the Strand after an air raid. The raiders are still with us. They employ the vocabulary of music, and warm themselves with her gestures, but they fume at the mention of melody. Taste with them seems a game of megaphones and tomahawks. Lacking certain ingredients in their composition (and I use the word in fear and trembling) they have never learned their own limitations; but why try, like the damaged fox in Æsop, to crop everybody else down by their own pattern? Perhaps it is part of Nature's working arrangement that every faculty of value has to be kept bright by active use, and defended from the onset of envy and disruption. But perpetual encounter on behalf of our standards is apt to impair one's sense of proportion just as much as inglorious ease may do. Perhaps a watchful and diligent serenity comes nearest the ideal condition, and how few ever attain it!

Those who possess the friendship of Mr. Edward German will probably concur that he is of those few. Like so many true musicians, he hails from the western midlands and breathes something of their fresh and mellow quality. There was a fight among the Severn, the Dee, and the Mersey, as to which should have him. In the end the Mersey and engineering lost; the Dee claimed him for a few years' schooling; and he went back to the Severnside and to music. He was destined to spend several years at the Royal Academy of Music, where he had as fellow-students Julia Neilson, Sir Henry Wood, Landon Ronald and Ben Davies. While there he maintained himself by playing violin at the Savoy Theatre (an admirable school) and got organ practice by tramping daily across London and back before breakfast. He taught violin at Wimbledon School, where Barry Pain was master of classics, and together they worked up a musical version of the "Antigone" of Sophocles. A conductorship at the Globe Theatre under Richard Mansfield gave him an opportunity to write Incidental Music to Shakespeare's "Richard III," and then Irving gave him the Lyceum commission which made him famous. For the three Incidental Dances from the music to "Henry VIII" found such universal favour that the rest of his career

is common history. It is needless, therefore, to mention his many important orchestral works, his delicious light operas (who does not know "Merrie England"!) and the many distinguished songs and part-songs which have since come from his pen.

No one can run off the reel of memory the many hours of pleasure he has drawn from Mr. German's music without retaining a clear impression—that of a happy temperament delighting in the company of fine conceptions. But the royal road, with him, has been the usual one. "Hard work," he once said, "*hard work*—nothing can be gained without it." Recently I had a talk with him on the output of the time and music generally, and it brought out a few serviceable truths in the same vein. He could not see anything but Nemesis awaiting the present fashion of hostility to tonality and form, a pose on which some mistaken moderns seemed to pride themselves. No one was out to defend the school of sugared unrealities, any more than the morbid school of nerves and nonsense. "The only music that can live," he said, "is the music that has the elements of beauty and health in it, and observes some kind of structure and shapeliness. The fact that this has been so often said and disputed does not alter its truth, for true it certainly is. Closer definitions are impossible, perhaps, or at any rate are hard to find; and it is not well to dogmatise. But the fact remains that the man in the street decides in the long run what is to endure. You must put in close application and study of the best models, and you must learn the rules before you break them. Of course, there are always the great exceptions. Genius is far rarer than people think, and genius has ways of its own. The thing to deprecate is the foolish attempt of men without this element of genius to try and blindly follow it in everything. Here the result may be that what is boldness and justification in the master is violence and foolhardiness in the pupil. And not all the emphasis and assertion in the world can make it otherwise.

"Of course," Mr. German went on, "I am not limiting my humble approval to any school, whether Church, or Oratorio, Grand Opera, Light Opera, Chamber Music, or any other medium. Each of these has a place secure which none of the rest can ever take away, and I should always recommend as open and inclusive a taste as possible. Only I would say, keep the standard high. Light music, so long as it is good, may be nearer the mark than serious people imagine, and is often much harder to write. I am not thinking of machine-made stuff such as we have always with us, but music which comes from originality, and is not above giving pleasure of a permanent kind. There is nothing contrary to tradition in doctrine like this, nor anything adverse to common sense; and I believe it agrees with the best theory and practice of other arts than music. Further, it is the only vein in which to judge the best music of other ages and other lands. I, for one, can never forget what we owe to Germany, and to France and Italy, and I appreciate to the full much of the modern, and some of the ultra-modern music of these countries. And yet I love 'Carmen' and 'Faust,' and I believe these works will never die, whatever changes come about. It is a good augury for native music that we have a taste so catholic as to value the best from

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other countries, and to be resurrecting the fine forgotten music of our own work written before the Puritan era. In this sense art knows no nationality, but I am, of course, as English as I can be, and as regards English music of the future I am a confirmed optimist."

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At the beginning of June Mr. Harold Samuel gave, at the Wigmore Hall, a series of piano recitals unequalled in my experience. He played on the six successive days of a single week; he confined himself all the time to the music of one composer, Bach; he sought no special devices of advertisement; he employed no arts of boom; he engaged the attention of no newspaper on the watch for a stunt; he just played with perfect mastery of himself and the wonderful music he was rediscovering for us, and he played as superbly on the sixth day as on the first. It was in all respects a magnificent achievement.

Consider the staggering feat of memory! Mr. Samuel played about one hundred and fifty pieces during the week without a single note of music before him; and I can testify to his unfailing accuracy, for I attended four out of the six concerts and followed nearly every piece with a score. To the high quality of his playing I can do better than give an amateur's testimony; I can say that his audience regularly included a number of very distinguished musicians, young and old, and that these were among the most enthusiastic in applause. I add a personal opinion that in quality and variety of tone and in truth and power of interpretation his playing ranks with the best. Mr. Harold Samuel has the fingers of a technician, the mind of a musician, and the soul of an artist.

A week of Bach is a remarkable experience even for a practised concertgoer—and I will add, in passing, that Bach is probably the only musician who could stand the test of six days' keyboard work. As a rule, all we hear of Bach at the usual recitals is a repetition of well-known pieces—the "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" and the "Italian Concerto" being the sole representatives of pure clavier work, the rest being organ or string pieces rewritten for acrobatic displays of transcendental technique. But Mr. Samuel's programmes included no transcriptions. He gave us the pure text, and gave us unfamiliar music that is among the greatest ever written. Nothing could be finer than his performance of the wonderful "Air with Thirty Variations," scarcely ever heard in the concert-room. Busoni played a characteristically shortened and revised version of his own not long ago; but as far as most concert-goers are concerned, this moving and marvellous invention might never have been written.

And did all London flock to this great adventure by an English pianist? All London did nothing of the sort. The concerts were certainly well attended; but if the so-called musical public of London really cared for music, instead of caring chiefly for names and sensations, the hall would have been packed to overflowing. I therefore seriously advise Mr. Harold Samuel (if he cares for crowds) to give up being an English pianist. Let him reappear next season as Samuelovich, the Tartar Terror from the Gobi Desert, and the Albert Hall won't hold his audience.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

It is to be wished that some musician endowed with a ready pen, humour, humanity, humility and perhaps a dash of cynicism would write a study of the song-publisher with a particular inquiry into his methods of identifying possible "winners"; songs, that is, intended to catch the vast public which "doesn't know much about music, but knows what it *likes*." Such an essay might be founded even upon so small a body of songs as the chance association at present to be considered. To a greater or less degree each makes an obvious bid for wide popularity, and various grades are represented. For the most widely known purveyors of easy sentiment stand Mrs. May Brahe and Hermann Löhr, the former with a characteristically pleasant ballad, "Cradle me low" (Enoch; three keys), suitable for female voices, a setting of a suave lyric by Helen Taylor, who used to do better than this; and the latter with a volume of six "Russian Love Songs" (Chappell, three keys). Mr. Löhr is the fortunate possessor of a cosmopolitan idiom which has, to date, served without perceptible modification for songs of India, Italy, the Southern Isles and Rumania. The nervous amateur need not fear anything unduly Russian here, beyond the lyrist's name, the sleigh on the cover and various exotic words. For one terrifying moment during the introduction to "A Black Sea Song" he may think that Mr. Löhr has traitorously transported him to that fearsome shore; but the melody quickly reassures him that he has got no farther afield than Brighton front, with the accompaniment clinging to him closer than a brother, only occasionally leaving him on a sustained note to dab on a little local colour. Possibly the songs may become popular out of sheer habit, and tenors of the luscious sort may delight in declaiming such passionate and juicy bonnes-bouches as "Dushka moya!" and "Galubchik moi!" (with foot-note). Probably, however, the tunes would have sold better fitted out with such soundly domestic words as carried "Little Grey Home in the West" over two hemispheres. And the music need not have been appreciably altered! Another obvious bid is made in "The Thrill of Life" (Elkin; two keys). The lyric, by R. C. Tharp, rhymes "dawn" with "morn" and "balm" with "charm," and the music by Walter Rubens suits the words. One expects better of this firm.

It is a pleasure to turn from these essays to "The Way of a Ship" (Enoch; two keys), five chanteys with good words by C. Fox Smith and music by Easthope Martin, one of the best and most adventurous of our popular composers. Increasingly interested in modern harmonies and the modes, Mr. Martin uses them with considerable though varying success. In the first song, "Rosario," one feels that the tune has been conditioned to the harmonies and has lost the directness essential to the chantey. "Morning Watch" and "Sea Voices" have atmosphere, and "Roll Along Home" a suitably virile rhythm. By far the best of the five is "Casey's Concertina," an ingenious hornpipe with an unexpected turn of poetry. The book should appeal to basses and baritones whose living demands that they shall "get there," and who are heartily tired of the usual vehicles. "Three Fletcher Lyrics" (Enoch; two keys) have melodious airs by Paul Edmonds marred somewhat by a mixture of styles and a lack of imaginative dexterity in the piano parts. The long-drawn repetition of the last line of the second, even if it were possible for human lungs to phrase decently, is unnecessary. But the songs have good words, and are ambitious enough to be promising.

The remaining two songs should appeal to that increasing section of the public who are ready to allow roses and gardens a close season. Ernest Bullock's "Afton Water" (Enoch; three keys), a setting of an English lyric by Burns, is a quietly beautiful song with a musicianly but simple accompaniment, which will please baritones and tenors capable of legato singing; and E. Roy Thompson's setting of Fiona Macleod's "Thy dark eyes to mine" (Elkin), with a good pianist and an emotional tenor, would inflame any ballad-concert audience. These two composers, both musicians of recognised accomplishment, can give points to the balladists and beat them at their own game. There is hope for the concert singer yet!

RODNEY BENNETT.

XUM

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

CHILD THOUGHTS. Words by P. J. Mudie. Music by Walter Mudie. (Forsyth.)

Five little songs of childhood, of which the best is undoubtedly "Mars." Both words and music are natural and charming. Unfortunately, in the other four songs the words are not written in a childlike way. The author makes the mistake so often made in writing for children—of recounting children's thoughts in a grown-up manner. The music throughout is kept fairly simple.

THE JOYFUL YEARS. By Paul Zilcher. (Reid Bros.)

This children's suite for piano is dainty and full of melody. "Chatterbox" is a vivid little picture, and "A Little Dance" is delightful.

AN ALL NIGHT LULLABY. Lyric by Dum Dum. Music by Ivor Novello. (Enoch.)

A capital song, with a welcome touch of humour that is as refreshing as it is rare in the majority of songs of this class.

SEAMAN BLANK. Words by Robert Nelson. Music by Lauri Bowen. (Reader & Walsh.)

One does not associate bathos with such a name as Nelson, and the words of this song come as rather a shock. The music has spirit and goes with a swing and given sensible words might have attained some popularity.

The Drama.

THE NEW DRAMATIST.

BY THOMAS MOULT.

Mr. Thomas Moult.

THE opening of the autumn season will find the London theatre in a more hopeful position than it has held for many a long day. This is not a paradox, however much the sudden and wholesale collapse in recent months might suggest it. The true significance of that collapse will not be understood until we disentangle the distressful nature of its material consequences from what might be called the political aspect. One thing is already certain, none the less. The public of to-day possesses a greater partiality for the theatre as entertainment than it has done at any time during the past score of seasons; a correct sense of the purely æsthetic values of stage-production is more widely held, just as there is, despite the cynic, a sounder judgment of poetry among the mass of its readers than there was in the days when Mr. Alfred Noyes was king.

The mind of the people has, moreover, been tending towards this cheerful condition for two years. But the quality of that mind, encrusted and overlaid as it was by a devastating period of mental aberration, has unfortunately made it more difficult, almost impossible, indeed, for good plays to receive proper appreciation and encouragement. It is a commonplace and foolish habit of ours to explain all that is wrong in contemporary

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existence as the effect of "materialism"—recklessly confusing that same term with its scientific application—but the fact remains that the temper which found its highest expression in the conquest of Nature and its lowest in inter-human warfare has had a peculiar effect on the quality of modern English plays. The theatre, in a word, has suffered badly from the imposition upon its native purposes of a mixture of gross and intense "materialism," far removed from reality (in the æsthetic sense) or fundamental truth, and inimical to the chances of the truer drama. It has become almost completely commercialised.

Commercialised, that is, in the worst sense. Mr. William Poel, in his recently published brochure, "What is Wrong with the Stage?" has described the methods of the theatre magnate and monopolist into whose hands the London playhouses fell during the war and where, mostly, they still remain. These magnates and monopolists are commercial syndicates and nothing else, so that, as Mr. Poel says, "the ultimate decision as to what play shall be put into rehearsal is determined, not as it is on the continent, by men of the theatre, but by members of the Stock Exchange." The facilities for raising money for plays of artistic merit have therefore been practically non-existent. Unbelievable as it may seem, the plays that have been produced in London of recent years are sometimes not even read by those who find the money for their production.

That the dramatist should have been influenced by these circumstances, which, we need not say, are inimical to art in any sense of the word, is a matter for no surprise. He has followed one of two courses as a consequence. Angered and smarting from a sense of the sordidness of the whole thing he has written his play with a "purpose," or with a problem, of the type of Mr. Galsworthy's or Mr. Shaw's, or he has written cynically, for money. Only here and there can be found the dramatist who has persisted in the struggle to express his own *artistic* vision, and he, obviously, has had little or no place on the post-war stage.

Thus it is the young dramatist whose ideals have not been tarnished, and, among play-makers, he alone, who will find the English theatre in a more hopeful position at the opening of the autumn season than it has been for many a long day. The dramatist with name, fame and disillusionment will slowly but surely disappear before a demand which he is constitutionally unable to meet. The true significance of the present "slump" in the theatre is that the public is heartily sick of the drawing-room play, the dismal tragedy, the mechanical comedy, by all of which it has been surfeited during the past winter especially. We may look to the success of "The Beggar's Opera" at Hammersmith (where the first anniversary of its revival has just been celebrated) for some sort of indication of the kind of play that the public will look for on its return from the pursuit of those estimable summer gods, lawn tennis and salmon mayonnaise. The romantic play has never yet been seen to proper advantage on the English stage. The romantic play-writer has, consequently, never reached prominence. The most prominent writer for the theatre in Germany during the past decade has been the romanticist, Gerhardt Hauptmann.

It is not unreasonable to assume that there are young writers who will be able to respond to the new demand. Mostly we will find that they have been and are working in remote corners of the country, lacking only an adequate stage technique—a comparatively unimportant matter if the true vision be in them. Already here and there in London and the provinces plays have been staged privately or half-privately, without any commercial considerations, as at the "Unnamed" Society, Manchester, the Norwich Players group, the late Curtain Theatre Association, London; and these, good or not in themselves, are to be noted and encouraged because it is likely that from them the writers of the future may learn their craft. Not that too much importance must be attached to these as the *discoverers* of young genius. The example of America is before us, with its hundreds of "little theatres" and its extraordinary dearth of genuine plays, to lessen our hope of that.

It is hard to give the names of those to whom we may look for the first-fruits of what may be regarded as the romantic revival in our theatres, without seeming to be invidious. Other names might well be substituted for those of Mr. Edward Shanks and Mr. H. M. Richardson; Mr. Sladen Smith and Mr. Eric Dexter of Manchester ("Dreams That Come True," by Mr. Dexter, is a remarkable little piece which would have been played by Mr. Iden Payne at Miss Horniman's Gaiety Theatre had not that fine producer been lured prematurely to America); Mr. Ernest Goodwin, whose "Devil Amongst the Skins" was published in *Voices* and is now one of the commendations of the Arts League of Service; Miss Dorothy Massingham, Mr. Clifford Bax, Miss Gwen John, author of "Edge o' the Dark"; and Mr. Halcott Glover, whose "Wat Tyler" was published in book form by the Bloomsbury Press last year. But these writers are especially worthy of mention because the mistakes and shortcomings in their work, whatever they may be, have certainly nothing to do with the common misconception by contemporary dramatists of the play as a vehicle of "ideas," and of little else but realism and its inevitable attendants, glitter and gloom.

GORDON CRAIG AS THEATROCRAT.

BY LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

MR. GORDON CRAIG knows so much about the European Theatre and feels so deeply about it that he has become a Theatrocrat.* Too much learning has driven Mr. Craig into paradox: for him paradox is truth; but for his readers it will appear contradiction. He says the only hope of the English theatre is Shakespeare, and he associates this with his strongly-held opinion that Shakespeare is not for the theatre at all.

He strongly conceives of the theatre as a place into

* "The Theatre Advancing." By Gordon Craig. 31s. 6d. (Constable.)

which actors should not enter: "Man and the voice of man—that little personality and that little voice—loom far too large in the present theatre and throw all things out of proportion, destroying all harmony by their aggressiveness."

Human personality, Mr. Craig pleads, with a light-heartedness that suggests self-ridicule, should be obscured, as in the old Greek Drama, by the use of masks. He refers to the mask as "that paramount means of dramatic expression without which acting was bound to degenerate"! A delicious piece of Beerbohmish special pleading is implicit in the passage: "Masks carry conviction when he who creates them is an artist, for the artist limits the statements which he places on these masks. The face of the actor carries no such conviction; it is overfull of fleeting expression—frail, restless, disturbed and disturbing."

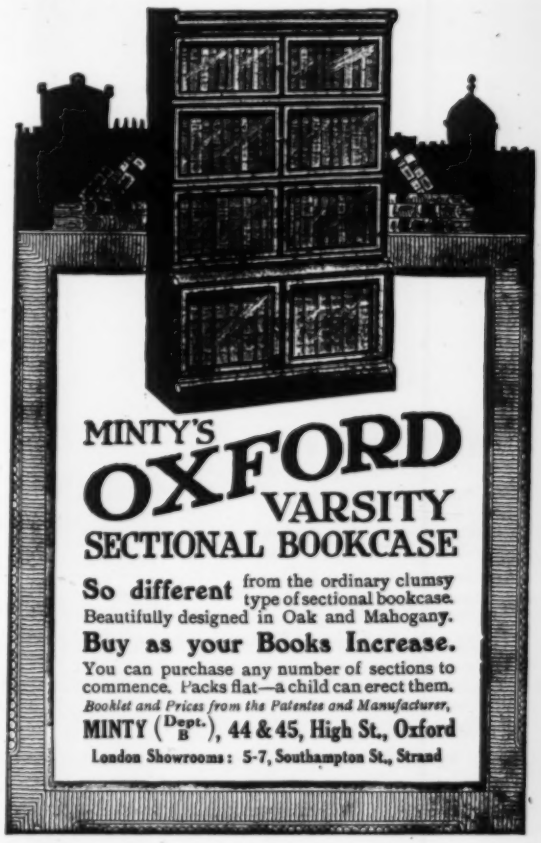
One of Mr. Craig's most explosive statements is the heavily underlined one that "before the art of the stage can revive, women must have passed off the boards." The only plausibility he gives to this idea is as a question of economics. He says that women are always glad to appear before an audience for next to nothing, and that cheap labour is disastrous artistically.

Mr. Craig knows, of course, as well as any of us, that the great women artists have no timidity about taking as considerable salaries as the men, and that the theatre could no more dispense with women players than a fountain-pen with ink.

It is not surprising that Mr. Craig, still describing furious parabolas in the amazed ether, should say of the greatest stage figure in Europe: "No one can call Eleanora Duse an actress, yet in spite of this many people have tried to write about the 'acting' of Eleanora Duse." The Theatrocrat says that Duse has nothing of art in her composition, and follows this by a splendid compliment: "She is personal love, personal courage, personal hope, and personal beauty, and these all whirl her through the long space of her life as some unseen and lonely star is whirling at this moment above our heads." Fortunately for many of us, we have seen the star in the congenial firmament of high drama.

For Mr. Craig there is an infinitely better thing than the actor: "There is only one actor—nay, one man—who has the soul of the dramatic poet, and who has ever served as true and loyal interpreter of the poet. This is the Marionette." Lecturing to protesting pupils in his Dramatic College, our Theatrocrat declared: "The Marionette is more than natural; it has style—that is to say unity of expression; therefore the Marionette Theatre is the true theatre." One of Mr. Craig's mildest assertions in "The Theatre Advancing" is that acting cannot be taught. In that event who is to inculcate the super-acting of the Marionettes; or will the painted wooden figures take on life of their own accord when the wires jerk.

Mr. Gordon Craig's ideal theatre has, of course, always been a theatre without any performers. He is so obsessed by what is called "production" that he has no care for any human element except the producer—say, Reinhardt or himself. He takes perpetual charming and childish delight in models of theatrical "sets." For him scenery and all that it entails in the way of structure, colour and lighting is



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XUM

the only thing that matters. On the Gordon Craig enchanted stage the step of a great actor would be a vulgar intrusion. This is the Theatrocrat's secret. This is why he has written a book of great wit and considerable beauty holding the stage up to ridicule.

One of his passages of smiling paradox is that in which he expresses a hope that we may some day see the theatre in the Turkish bath. That is probably where Craig does see his theatre, which is one of the mind's eye, and the eye is one of languor. In his own words: "Wisdom has often been whispered, a poet has told us. The whispering grows and grows. Now all is silence once more. The Drama of Wisdom has ended; we are asleep."

A FAMILY MAN. By John Galsworthy, at the Comedy Theatre.

"A Family Man" bears signs of hurry, yet I think it has been very unfairly treated in the daily press. Its honesty, its humour, and its boldness deserve recognition even if the play is written by an author from whom we expect these qualities. The play suits Mr. Galsworthy better than the novel. He is less tempted in drama to indulge his sentimental mood; and in "A Family Man" he has a subject which keeps satire and comedy on top. John Builder, of an unnamed small provincial town, is married: his wife is dutiful but dull; his daughters undutiful but gay. He is very much tired of the family: a great liberal in politics, a great tyrant at home, but, as is inevitable under modern conditions, an unsuccessful tyrant in dealing with his spirited daughters. Athene leaves home, and lives with an airman whom she won't marry because of her experience at home. She distrusts marriage. Maud is going to join a "movie company." The play opens with this situation, and John Builder is seen throughout the play under the strain of family conflict, made harder by his public position—he is a J.P. and selected for mayor. In addition to these domestic difficulties, Mr. Galsworthy leads us to believe that Builder has been leading a celibate life for some years, and that this does not improve his temper; but this more delicate problem is not handled at all fully. If Mr. Galsworthy intended Builder to be an unsympathetic character, which I find it hard to believe, Mr. McKinnel ruined his play. His John Builder from the outset won one's heart—badgered, ironical, generous, nagged at—he is a most pathetic study of a strong-weak man in difficulties. The rest of the acting was on a very high level: especially noteworthy was Mr. Hanray's vulgar little Mayor, and Francis Lister's Guy Herringhame, Athene's husband. He acted with rare ease and naturalness in a rather ungrateful part. Miss Archdale as Athene and Miss Kentish as Maud were excellent, and a word of praise must be given to Miss Olive Walker's slyly stupid acting in the part of Annie, the Herringhames' maid.

R. E. R.

THE PEDLAR'S BASKET at the Everyman Theatre.

After its very successful season of Bernard Shaw's plays the Everyman Theatre is offering a diversity of *divertissements* in the shape of a programme devised and produced by Mr. Norman Macdermott. It is a mixture of a very chic concert and a fastidious music-hall, and deserves support and praise. Unfortunately the first performance was sadly marred by the fact that Mr. Clive Carey suddenly fell ill and lost his voice, so that Mr. A. A. Milne's operetta, "The Red Feathers," and another item had to be omitted. But the songs were charmingly decorated and mounted, and well sung by Mr. John Goss. The Chelsea China group was especially delightful. Four playlets were given: an act of the famous Japanese tragedy, "Sugawara Denji Tenarai Kagami," showing the fine flower of the old Samurai passion of loyalty. Interesting as it was, it did not achieve the atmosphere of Japan. Schnitzler's gay but pungent "A Farewell Supper" was excellently played by Nicholas Hannen, Douglas Jefferies and Muriel Pratt, with Harold Scott as a discreet waiter. The *pièce de résistance* was Eugene O'Neill's "In the Zone," the scene of which is the fo'c'sle of a tramp steamer bringing a load of shells to Liverpool through the submarine zone. One of the men is seen secretly to whip an iron box out of his suitcase and stow it away under his mattress; the jumpy nerves of his shipmates bring them to think he is a spy, planting a bomb. They seize him and tie him up, open the box—it is full of letters from his sweetheart which disclose that he is a poor victim of drunkenness, loved and prayed for but finally discarded. Mr. Macdermott in a little speech told us how the censor had objected to certain words but suggested alternatives, and as Mr. Macdermott neatly explained what the words were we were able to enjoy the *varia lectio* in each case, with no serious harm to anybody's morals. ("The Red Feathers" has since been duly presented, and proved a charming addition to the programme.)

F. M. A.

A NEW IAGO at the Court Theatre.

An effigy of William Shakespeare, cleft to the brisket, has often appealed to me as being the sort of allegorical poster I should use if ever I were producing Othello for an ultra-highbrow coterie—which Heaven forbid. For in this play the poet attempted to split both human nature and his own personality neatly in two, giving his hero a monopoly of stark unintellectual honesty and greatness of soul, whilst Iago specialised in the other side of the picture. The attempt could not be carried to its logical conclusion, because Shakespeare realised as the play proceeded that the simplicity of his original Othello was incompatible not only with success in generalship, but with the intellectual depths of jealousy which the dramatic values of his theme required. But it accounts to some extent for the inhumanity of Iago's character, and for that "motiveless malignity" which has distressed so many sentimental critics besides Coleridge.

Yet Shakespeare, whilst following the old Moralities in presenting us with an abstraction, an exclusive study of one side of human nature, desired to gild the pill with some semblance of probability; he therefore drew Iago as a young man for whom mischief-making is a delightful hobby; he has not only the courage of his convictions, but a zest for them; he is an artist in villainy, whose sole gaiety springs from the perfection of his craftsmanship. It is this quality in Iago which gives extraordinary interest to Mr. Fagan's bold choice of Mr. Basil Rathbone for the part. By all conventional standards, Mr. Rathbone was an amazingly unlikely man to play Iago; hitherto we have known him chiefly as a romantic juvenile, a young actor who relied less on subtlety than on his sympathetic personality, his infectious enthusiasm for whatever part he had in hand—the last man, you would say, for the Machiavellian, fawning Iago of the old school. But the old school must take a back seat occasionally, and the allocation of such back seats is not the least interesting of Mr. Fagan's functions. He has foreseen in Mr. Rathbone's buoyant gaiety (twisted ever so slightly towards cynicism), the means of bringing out that zest in wickedness which previous players of Iago have been too prone to overlook. And the result at the Court Theatre is worth going to see. For Mr. Fagan has vision, and has given a healthy shock to some of us who thought we knew just what Mr. Rathbone could do.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

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In every issue THE BOOKMAN prints a list of the six books most in demand at the public libraries, six for fiction, six for non-fiction: the most reliable and impartial record of its kind.

A most amusing feature is the Complaint Department, where authors, editors and plain folk give vent to their pet aversions.

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